THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1865. Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 9301. Single Number 5 Cents.

CHILD-TAUGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

Came my little daughter Ada,
With her laughing sister Grace,
Leaning lovingly upon me,
Looking up into my face;
And with tender tones they whispered,
"What is mamma grieving for?
Are you then so very sorry
They are coming from the war?"

"Oh, my children! little children!
You can hardly understand
Why I weep at the returning
Of this brave, heroic band.
They are those your father gathered,
They are those your father led;
But to-day he is not with them,
Oh, my darling, lying dead!

"I was thinking of the brightness,
And the promise of his youth;
Of his rare and manly beauty,
Of his tenderness and truth.
Of the loyal heart and loving,
Of the generous and brave;
Of the hope and the ambition
Lying buried in his grave.

"I was thinking how he hurried,
With his armor gleaming bright,
To the fiercest of the conflict,
To the thickest of the fight!
How his valiant arm was lifted
In the battles of the free;
Oh, my darling! my lost darling!
Who will never come to me!

"How I watched and how I waited,
How I wept and prayed for him,
When the moon hung out her silver,
When the stars were growing dim.
How I watched and how I waited,
How I prayed for him in vain;
For my darling—oh, my darling!
Who will never come again!"

Little Ada's face grew graver,
(She is thoughtful for her years)
And adown upon my bosom
Fell the shower of her tears.
But said blue-eyed Grace, smiling,
"Other papas come to-day,
Come to love their little children,
Shouldn't we be glad for they?"

Quick I read the simple lesson,
Saw my selfish grief was vain;
And resolved that moment never,
Never thus to err again.
Though for us the grief-wind bloweth,
Though the trouble-tide we stem;
Other hearts, thank God! are happy,
And we will be glad for them.

From how many care-worn faces
Will the tears be wiped away!
To how many lonely dwellings
Will the sunshine come to-day.
Then, oh soul! thy woes forgetting,
Join the welcome of the free,
Though our darling lieth buried,
By the far-off Tennessee!

Macon, Mich.

THE LETTERS IN GERMAN TEXT.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Meantime the German and Italian were not neglected, but Agnes complained bitterly of those terrible German terminations, and often wondered if it would be possible to find a teacher. Mr. Kirtley made inquiries among all his acquaintances, but did not succeed in finding one; the German residents, being for the most part poor emigrants, whose dialect could not be depended upon. At last a young English gentleman, to whom Mr. Kirtley mentioned his difficulty, begged him to accept his services for his daughter, assuring him that paradoxical as it might seem to make such an assertion—that German was his native tongue. He was a person of wealth and standing in the colony, who would not accept pecuniary compensation, so that Mr. Kirtley and his daughter were loth to accept his services, but there was no refusing them, and he was regularly installed as Agnes's instructor, and the German lessons began in earnest; for it soon became apparent that whatever Mr. Lincoln undertook was sure to be done in earnest, and the hour devoted to German became the crowning one of the day. Such heights and depths of beauty as her new teacher opened up to her in German literature, Agnes had not imagined. Finding out casually her Italian acquirements, he showed himself no less familiar with the language of Tasso and Dante; and in fact there seemed to be no language and no sphere of knowledge in which Mr. Lincoln was not perfectly at home, so that Agnes often laughingly remarked that she wondered what had brought such an admirable Crichton to Australia.

Mr. Kirtley was charmed with their new acquaintance; he had not been in the country much longer than themselves, and had yet managed to gain a great deal of knowledge concerning its resources. He professed an unbounded admiration for Australia, and an intention of making it his permanent home, gravely assuring his new acquaintances that there were reasons why he never could return to England. Mr. Kirtley would laugh and ask him if he was a convict out on parole, but Agnes, with her quick, womanly instincts saw that this good-humored raillery embarrassed Mr. Lincoln, though she could not imagine why it should.

Three years of their Australian sojourn passed by swiftly to the Kirtleys—so swiftly and uneventfully that Agnes could not realize the lapse of time, and yet there was much to show itself as the result of her steady work. She had done a vast amount of good, and in the doing had won the inevitable reward of being benefitted in turn. The parish labors had not lagged, and German had progressed admirably. Agnes could not feel sufficiently thankful for having obtained so able an instructor and found so valuable an acquaintance, and Mr. Lincoln seemed well satisfied with the post—so well satisfied that the lesson hour frequently lengthened into three or four, and was concluded by the gentleman remaining to dinner or luncheon. There was no trouble now about terminations or conjugations, although it did seem impossible in the latter for Mr. Lincoln ever to get beyond "Ich liebe dich," so lovingly he lingered upon the words, of which weakness Agnes was quite unconscious. Not so Mr. Kirtley; he had a great deal of quiet amusement in viewing the aspect of affairs, but he determined to let things take their course, for his fondness for Mr. Lincoln had constantly increased as he came to know him better.

And what has Mr. Kirtley done in all these years towards regaining wealth? Have his sanguine dreams become tangible realities? Not quite. He has been a successful man, though. The trifling amount of capital he brought with him, well invested, has yielded him a moderate fortune, with which he has made up his mind to be satisfied, and no longer dreams of being again a millionaire.

What news do the letters from home—those heart-welcome messengers—bring to the exiles? Aunt Elinor is the only reliable correspondent. She makes many apologies for the remissness of her daughter, Theodora, having obtained the coveted position of Lady of Mabury Castle—"has a great deal to occupy her," writes her mother; "Lord Mabury, though the most amiable of men, and the most devoted of husbands, is what we would call just the least bit in the world exacting; that is, he needs to be amused, and requires a great deal of his wife's company; and you cannot think how beautifully our giddy Theodora (as we once thought her) devotes herself to her husband. She writes for him, reads for him, and is always ready to join in whatever interests him."

(Agnes wondered what sort of things did interest Lord Mabury, and sincerely hoped that she might never marry a man who required her to amuse him constantly.)

"Alas! there are few young (!) men like Lord Mabury, and I cannot hope for so brilliant a match for my Euphrosyne, but she is so unworldly that wealth and position are as nothing to her. There is a French count who has been paying her quite marked attention, and Euphrosyne is not unimpressed by his admiration, but she is so sadly fastidious—actually shudders when the count takes a pinch of snuff! True, he does take a great deal, and is apt to shower it over those around him; but what of that? Didn't the great Napoleon take snuff?

"Your Uncle George, my dear, is in a miserable state. I fear the poor old man cannot live to see you again; his mind is very wandering; it seems to be decaying with his physical powers. He talks quite incoherently at times, and is full of the oddest vagaries. For instance—informs every visitor that Bluff House no longer belongs to him; that he has given it away."

After family topics were exhausted, Aunt Elinor treated her correspondents to stories of general gossip. What a treat her letters were! The exiles had learned a high appreciation of the divine art of writing, and regarded "Her Majesty's Mail" as a blessed institution.

Mr. Lincoln held so high a place in the family esteem, that all their affairs, past and present, were discussed without reserve in his presence, and he was evidently an interested listener, though he gave no confidences in return.

"Have you ever been in England since your childhood?" Agnes asked him one day. She knew that it was his birth-place.

"I spent very little time out of Germany before coming here," was his evasive answer, and then immediately quitting the subject, he asked if Agnes had a German translation to show him.

Agnes had a translation that she was almost ashamed to exhibit, it was so wanting in the neatness that usually characterized her productions. As she had been at work upon it, some old association had recalled to her mind the initials that haunted her for so long, and in mere abstractedness she had scribbled them in every variety of chirography, along the margin of the exercise; but she had written them oftenest in German text, as memory brought them before her.

"Do you know whose name you have been so highly honoring, Miss Kirtley?" asked Mr. Lincoln as he took the paper from her, looking at the time a great deal more pleased than a good master should have looked at such a careless production of his pupil.

"No, indeed!" said Agnes sadly. "I would give anything to know."

"So simple a wish may be gratified for nothing. They are my initials."

"They are somebody else's too, then, for I was familiar with them long before I ever saw you, Mr. Lincoln," answered Agnes half doubtingly.

Mr. Lincoln took from his pocket a handkerchief with the initials in question marked thereon.

"It is almost a superstition with me," he said, "to mark my handkerchiefs in German letters. In the happy days, long ago, when I had a mother, it was her dearest pleasure to embroider them in these characters.

Agnes thought of the embroidered letters upon the handkerchief found by Lucy Corthouse, and often as she told herself that different persons might readily bear the same initials, there yet seemed to be some association here, and she gazed at the handkerchief as though it had been some uncanny thing.

"Why, Miss Kirtley, instead of admiring my handiwork, you look frightened at it. Is it then so badly done?"

Agnes summoned her scattered thoughts, and replied as quietly as possible:

"I have an unpleasant association connected with those letters, Mr. Lincoln, and cannot see them without having it recalled. Since I have alluded to it at all, I may as well tell you all the circumstances, and then let the subject rest forever; for though years have passed since the occurrence, it is as vivid and frightful to me now as then."

Agnes told him the story of the riderless horse, and the unavailing search, and lastly of the saddle cloth and handkerchief marked with the initials they had been speaking of. Mr. Kirtley entered during the progress of the story.

"Papa and I felt," continued Agnes, "that we never could rest satisfied without some certain knowledge of the rider's fate; but though we spared no trouble or expense, we obtained none."

"Yes;" said Mr. Kirtley, "I assure you, Agnes kept me up to it bravely; she gave no one any rest, until it was proved almost beyond a doubt, that the poor fellow had either perished in the sea, or been made away with."

Mr. Lincoln listened intently and with deep emotion to the story, and now when the recital was ended, seemed too much affected to speak.

"God bless you!" he at length ejaculated; "God forever bless you, for your kind, though unavailing labors in the cause of a stranger. My gratitude to you is beyond expression, for Miss Kirtley, the initials that awakened your interest four years ago, stand for the same name as the ones I have just shown you. If you will permit me, I shall fill up the parts that are wanting in your story."

Agnes listened like one in a dream, she could not realize that the mystery, which they thought could never cease to be one, was all at once unravelled, and the hero himself—the one who was sure to have been lost—himself the elucidator of it!

"If you will not think me egotistical," Mr. Lincoln said, "I shall begin with the beginning of my life; otherwise you would not understand what follows.

"My father, Dudley Elliott Lincoln, belonged to one of the best families of England, though an impoverished one. While I was quite a child, having many influential friends in Germany, and fine prospects offered in that country, he removed thither, and soon received a good appointment under government.

"From my earliest childhood, I lived in a diplomatic atmosphere, and was taught to look forward to diplomacy as my future career, though I do not remember having been a particularly deceitful child, but presume it was merely the force of circumstances threw me into that channel; on this account I was educated in the cosmopolitan manner, that has sometimes astonished you. My father died when I was sixteen, leaving me to the sole guardianship of the best and dearest mother that ever son was blest with, and with hosts of friends willing to serve me in any way. When my education was finished, I received an appointment as secret agent in the Austrian embassy to England. This post, which I never liked, was to be considered only as the stepping-stone to a better one, after I should have had a little experience of practical diplomacy. I had been but a few months in England when the most bitter trial of my life occurred. My mother died—died suddenly, without ever again seeing her only child! So rudely was the tie sundered that bound an only child to his widowed mother. In my overwhelming agony, ignorant of any other source of comfort, I threw myself into business, with all my energy, nervously and impatiently hoping in constant employment to drown my grief. At that time there were some intrigues in progress between the Austrian Government and some private individuals in England. They were concluded, and the last mentioned parties were to receive a large amount of money—twenty thousand pounds. There were reasons why a draft for the amount would not answer, and it was thought best to send the money by private hand. I offered to be the bearer, for I was longing for adventure, and the danger attending the enterprize only rendered it more fascinating. I commenced my journey carrying the twenty thousand pounds, in bank notes, upon my person. I went on horseback, and by a circuitous route, wishing to see as much as possible of my father's and mother's country.

"On the third day of my journey, I had so nearly reached my destination that there was no need of haste, and I was riding leisurely along a little bridle path, close to the sea shore, with my rein hanging loosely upon my horse's neck, admiring the uncommon beauty of the sunset (how well Agnes remembered that mellow sunset!) and thinking how my mother would have enjoyed the scene, when suddenly, as if he had come out of the earth, a man sprang up before me. His appearance just at my horse's head, was so startling that the animal—well trained as he was—reared bolt upright; I had no hold of the rein and no preparation, so that I was instantly thrown off; and the last sound I remember was the hoofs of my frightened steed striking upon the rocks. My head must have come in contact with a stone, for I was long unconscious; and when at last I did awaken to the scenes about me, I found myself in what seemed to be a subterraneous room—but my senses were so beclouded, that I am not sure. There was a woman there who seemed disposed, in a rough way, to show me kindness, for she brought me a drink of something that I took thankfully, supposing it to be brandy. I could barely discern the outlines of two or three male figures in the dusky light, and aroused myself sufficiently to make some inquiry as to my whereabouts, and the money which I had felt for and missed at once.

"'Tell your Duck there,' growled out one of the men, 'that the fewer words he lets out of his pretty little mouth, the better for him, if he don't want it shut up for good. He needn't be uneasy about that little travelling purse of his'n; it's in hands as knows how to take care of on it.'

"I profited by this ironical speech, and refrained from further questions.

"The drink I took so willingly was probably drugged, for I remember only a few half conscious intervals during the next twenty-four hours; then with a feeling of great weakness and vacancy, I awoke to find myself on board an Australian steamer. The captain informed me that a small sailing vessel had overtaken them just after leaving the last English port at which she touched. And the first mate, who was in command at the time, heard from its crew, that they had on board 'the gentleman that was too ill to come aboard at Portsmouth'—adding that the gentleman's passage had been paid.

"The tale seemed so plausible that I was at once taken aboard, without the captain, who was sleeping, knowing anything about it.

"Imagine my feelings, thrown thus into the vessel, without means to defray the expenses of the voyage, a mere pauper upon the captain's bounty! In sheer desperation I thrust my hands into the pockets I could have cursed for being empty; but joy unspeakable they were not quite empty. I found therein a bundle of bank notes, with a paper pinned to it, upon which was scrawled in pencil:

"'I stole this for you because I pity you, and my husband has enough without it. Don't think he is a regular thief, he never robbed any one before.'

"The wifely pride of this poor woman touched me as well as her kindness of heart. As to the honesty of appropriating the money—that did not trouble me in the least. A drowning man does not stop to think whether or not the plank he clutches to save his life belongs to him. But now came over me the most intense longing to escape from the ship, to go back and clear my character, but a calmer view of the question that it was best to remain where I was. I had nothing but my own assertion to establish the truth of a tale that seems to me even so wild and improbable, that I can scarcely realize it. The men who had perpetrated the robbery had no doubt started at once for some distant land, and I had no clue to their identity. In my perplexity I formed the mad resolution to come out to Australia and devote myself to the work of restoring the lost money. It might involve the labor of a lifetime, but nothing short of this Quixotic undertaking would satisfy my youthful sense of honor. This decision seems to me now to have been a very absurd one, but it then reigned paramount, and I frequently paced the deck for hours dreaming over my plans for gaining wealth in Australia. Meantime I wrote an account of all that had occurred to my employers, and made over all the property I possessed—five thousand pounds left me by my mother—to replace in part, at least, what I had been the innocent cause of losing.

"These papers I mailed upon my arrival in the colony, but communication with England was so infrequent, and my life at that time so wandering, that I was long in receiving answers. When they did come, however, they were perfectly satisfactory—contained a refusal by the parties to accept the funds placed at their disposal and expressed great sympathy with my misfortune and unabated confidence in me; but by that time I had grown to like this country, and there were no ties to draw me back to England. Then, too, I felt how much more comfortable it would be to have some corroboration of my testimony before facing a censorious world. In furnishing me with that you cannot think how intensely happy you have made me."

"I don't see why you need have taken it so to heart," said Mr. Kirtley, "though it is one of the most singular affairs I ever heard of, it is what *might* have happened to any one."

Agnes's brimming eyes assured Mr. Lincoln of her ready sympathy.

"I have something to show you," she said as she abruptly quitted the room.

Agnes was absent a great while Mr. Lincoln thought, longer than it should require to find anything in a well regulated household, and when at last she did return there was proof of her having relieved her overcharged feelings in true feminine fashion.

"Here is the handkerchief," she said, tendering it to its owner, "that has brought about all these explanations."

"And you have kept it all these years?" was his commentary.

"Among my choicest treasures," Agnes answered with a hysterical attempt at gayety. "I have cherished it as did knight of old his lady's love token."

"Oh that it might prove to be such!" arose to Mr. Lincoln's lips, but evidently thinking that making love before a third party would be rather an absurd business, he checked himself and arose to take leave.

"Why didn't you ask Mr. Lincoln to stay to luncheon, Agnes?" asked her father, provokingly.

Agnes was a little nervous and slightly out of humor; there had been too much said, yet not quite enough for the happiness of all parties. What wonder if she answered a little irritably, "Because I thought he needed rest after all his long speeches, papa."

It was not long before Mr. Lincoln found an opportunity for making some more speeches, not very long, but quite to the point, and addressed to Agnes's private ear, which were delivered and listened to without the slightest sign of weariness.

Poor Mr. Lincoln had had such a weary waiting before his morbid sense of honor would allow him to ask Agnes to be his wife, that he was very much disinclined to wait now for the final consummation.

And now Agnes, who but the other day was so amiable, grew most provokingly obstinate, declared that, "It would be time enough to think about being married when they returned to England, it was but a little while now," and continued in this perverse frame of mind until her father began to throw out hints of the way Aunt Elinor would manage affairs. Then Agnes began to yield, feeling that she never could survive what Aunt Elinor termed a stylish wedding. And so it came to pass, that one lovely day, just at sunset, (the hour fatal in their lives) in the presence of a few friends, Dudley E. Lincoln and Agnes Kirtley were married in the little colonial church, and the dream of horror that had assailed Aunt Elinor was realized—Agnes *had* found a husband in Australia!

The time was indeed drawing near for the return of the emigrants to their own land. Agnes was both glad and sorry. Her residence in Australia had been so happy, and as Agnes gratefully said so blest, that she could scarcely bear to tear herself away from that locality; and yet her long absence from friends, and almost from civilization had given her a very keen appreciation of those blessings; and so Agnes, a wife of three weeks standing, sat by the window of their pretty cottage in dreamy idleness, trying to reconcile conflicting feelings, when her husband and father entered.

"Another mail from England, my dear," said the latter.

"Any private news, papa?"

"Yes, my darling; very sad news; your Uncle George is dead."

If George Kirtley had not been a confiding and affectionate brother, yet his death was the first link broken in the family chain, and his brother felt it deeply, though man-like he restrained his feelings and began to talk about his will.

"There is a small bequest to me," he said, "and several others among his relatives and friends, but the bulk of his property, as Elinor predicted, goes to charities. The strangest thing about the will is, that no mention, whatever, is made of the Bluff House property. Williams states that he asserted to the last that he had given it away, but no claimant has appeared, and you may be sure no one would be long in claiming such a gift."

"It is very strange—very strange indeed; Uncle George was not much in the habit of making costly presents. That reminds me— Papa, did I ever tell you of Uncle George's gift to me—not the doll—something later? I will run and bring it."

Agnes returned in a moment with the little trunk.

"He said it must not be opened until after his death. We may open it now," she said, sadly.

Mr. Kirtley busied himself with conjectures as to its contents, while Agnes went eagerly to work to untie the string.

"My dear Agnes, you will never get those

strings open with such shaky fingers," said her husband, taking it out of her hands; and he deftly undid the fastenings, scraped the sealing wax away from the key-hole, and was ready to unlock it, but now came the difficulty, there was no key. Agnes said that her Uncle George, in mercy to her feminine curiosity, had withheld the means of gratifying it. A key was found and fitted to the lock, and with some anxiety all awaiting the raising of the lid.

"Nothing but a piece of parchmenty-looking paper!" exclaimed Agnes in a tone of disappointment. "I thought at least it would be something pretty."

"'Parchmenty-looking papers' sometimes furnish the means of buying pretty things," said her husband comfortingly, while her father, who had been examining the depreciated document, exclaimed,

"Why, children, this is neither more nor less than a deed of gift of Bluff House and all the lands adjacent!"

"To *me*, papa?"

"Yes, to you, what a little heiress you are; it is fortunate that you are already appropriated, or there would be no end to the fortune-hunters."

"Oh, wasn't it kind in Uncle George? wasn't it noble? That is why he bought it, papa, and would make no changes. I am too happy! Oh, Dudley, if you only knew what a beautiful place it is! But what makes you look so—so—so not a bit glad?"

"I have lost my self-respect completely. I always meant never to marry a rich wife, and now I have gotten into that very scrape."

"You didn't marry a rich wife, so you need not look as though you had been swindled," said Agnes, as her husband assumed an expression of despair.

"You'll get over it, my boy—you'll learn to bear your hard lot with resignation by-and-by. Money is not a bad thing in England, though your experience goes to prove the contrary," said his father-in-law, consolingly.

Mr. Lincoln took his elder's advice, and became quite submissive to this particular decree of Providence before the time came for going home.

Bluff House, during the five years that brought so many changes to its owners, has remained unchanged itself. To all outward appearance it is just the same, and within there have been but a few innovations. When we first saw the place the house contained no room known as "the nursery," and we know that wanting that the most luxurious home is but half furnished after all. Now there is a nursery, perfect in all its appointments, and in daily use. Its little six-weeks old occupant has been a conspicuous personage to-day. A host of friends have been brought together to witness his christening; but the great affair is over now, and all the guests left about the drawing-room tables are near relatives of the family and old acquaintances of ours.

Mr. Kirtley, hale and hearty as of old, is contemplating the different groups from his station near the glowing fire. His Australian experience, (not a very hard one to be sure,) seems not to have told upon him in the least. Aunt Elinor approaches Mrs. Lincoln to ask if she is quite sure that little Dudley was warmly enough wrapped up when he went to church to-day. Agnes, knowing the depth of her own maternal solicitude, smiles a little at the question as she answers it affirmatively.

Aunt Elinor is fully satisfied that the Australian husband is no disgrace to the family, and is disposed to be very friendly indeed to her nephew-in-law. She looks with great complacency, too, upon her own son and daughter, Lord and Lady Mabury, seated at a side table over a quiet game of backgammon. That Theodora Kirtley should ever have brought herself down to an evening of unmitigated backgammon! Truly matrimony is a wonderful transmogrifier!

Euphrosyne not having been able to reconcile herself to the snuff-taking count, who kept her constantly resorting to deceitful measures to disguise a sneeze, has given up the vanities of the world, and devotes herself to the church—is now embroidering a pair of splendid slippers for an interesting rector of her acquaintance.

Aunt Rachel is conversing in her own inimitably indolent style, with her brother Roger. "Only look how beautiful Agnes is to-night," she is saying, "she does not look a day older than when she left England; and yet, what she has undergone! She tells me that in Australia she frequently made her own bed!" and Aunt Rachel sinks back upon her cushions, exhausted at the thought.

Quite unnoticed, amid the hum of many voices, a servant enters and delivers a message to Mr. Lincoln, who instantly leaves the room, but returns after a few moments; and after speaking apart to his wife, joins Mr. Kirtley, and they go out together. As it grows late the company wonder at the absence of the two gentlemen; but Mrs. Lincoln sets their minds at rest by imparting the information that they have been summoned to see a dying man. One after another retires until Agnes is left to keep a solitary vigil in the drawing-room—for she is much too anxious to sleep—and after paying her nightly visit to the nursery and assuring herself that baby sleeps the sleep of health, she takes up a book to while away the time until the gentlemen return. Singularly enough it is the identical volume of Tennyson that had occupied her attention upon the first eventful day of her life—the day that had commenced the drama that the last five years had been developing. No wonder that a glance at the book in her hand carries Agnes's thoughts far back through the intervening years. She is looking very lovely as she thus sits thoughtfully gazing into the fire. Aunt Rachel was right; not one particle of her girlish grace and beauty has Agnes lost; but now, combined with it is that settled, satisfied expression, which none but married women—those happily married—ever wear; an expression that seems to say to all spinsterdom—"poor things! how little you know of real happiness!"

The great clock in the hall has already struck twelve, one, two, and almost gone another circle, before Agnes's quick ear detects returning footsteps.

"What, Agnes! up yet?" is the exclamation of both gentlemen.

"Yes, I was too anxious about you to sleep, whilst you were wandering this dark night; so now tell me at once, where you have been, and what you went for, and all about it."

"You tell her, Dudley, I am going to bed," said Mr. Kirtley, quitting the room.

"I have been to a place," said Mr. Lincoln, "that I little thought ever to see again; and there met individuals that I was far from expecting ever to meet."

"Well, that answer is worthy of a Delphic oracle, but not quite satisfactory enough for a modern engineer. Satisfy my curiosity quickly, or I shall be as suspicious as Mrs. Snagsby."

"You know I have rather a predilection for long stories, my love; so you shall have a full account of this evening's adventure. When I was called out of the room this evening, I found a wretched looking woman waiting to speak to me, who proved to be my benefactress of the cave—the woman who so kindly robbed her husband for me. She begged me to go with her to see her dying husband, who lay not far off; so your father and I started with John and a lantern—the woman acting as guide. She led us to Dick Hurdle's cave. You cannot think how, in the dusty gloom of the place, every object in it came back to my recollection—for it was the cave to which I was carried after being robbed. There, upon a pile of straw, lay one of the most wretchedly emaciated men I ever beheld. The woman went up to him as we entered.

"'I've brought the two gentlemen to see you, Bill,' she said.

"'It's a fine place to bring gentlemen to, surely,' was his sarcastic reply; leaving no doubt upon my mind of his having been the very man who threatened me, when I lay swooning in the cave five years before. Poor fellow! irony must have been a part of his nature, to outlast such havoc as disease had made upon his muscular frame.

"'Is there anything I can do for you?' I asked.

"'Well, that's no more than fair, seein' how well I done for you once; but it wasn't to joke that I sent for you; it was to give you this paper. I had it drawn up in America, and have kept it about me for many a year. It is all I can do for you, for the solid was spent long ago. It was nearly used up before I wrote this confession for you. I never meant to rob you, but you was thrown upon me like, and I couldn't help it; you'd no business to have so much money about you.'

"All this came out in weak tones and disjointed sentences; and seemingly unable to say more, he turned to his wife for assistance.

"'Betsey, woman, tell the gentlemen what a fine swell I made with my grand fortune.'

"And Betsey told us, with many a tear, how they had gone to America, supposing that wealth, there, would purchase everything; how they had been undeceived; that her husband's investments had turned out badly; and people looked upon them—or to their guilty imaginations it seemed so—with suspicion; that finally her husband's health failed, and she had now brought him home to die.

"'You see the man is fairly heart-broken, though he tries not to show it; it was more remorse ailed him than anything else. He was as honest a smuggler as ever lived, sir; and he's told me a hundred times, that he was tryin' to bring you to, when he opened up your clothes and found all that money. It was too much for him, for he thought you was dead at first; and when you came too, he couldn't give it up. He thought with this one lucky stroke he could give up smuggling and live honest all the rest of his life.'

"You should have seen her wifely love and pride, Agnes, how it glowed and burned in every word; she could not have been more loyal to her husband if he had been the most honorable and upright of men. He died whilst we were there; and I promised to take care of his wife. I owe him some reparation, Agnes, for I was the innocent means of bringing sin and misfortune upon him, while he secured for me, the crowning blessing of my life; so strangely are events linked together in this world."

TWO PICTURES.

A little knoll, a mossy rock
A maple branching over,
And in the field a fleecy flock
Nibbling the sweet white clover.
The simplest spot beneath the skies,
And yet to me 'twas paradise:
Since there, one day in summer flown,
I won my darling for my own.

A festive hall, a brilliant crowd,
Where mirth and glee rose high,
And with the music wild and loud
Gay dancers floated by.
A lordly palace full of cheer,
And yet to me 'twas blank and drear:
Since there I knew my darling flown,
My dreams all wrecked, my heart made stone.

A. B.

☞ Warm Lining for a Pair of Slippers.—A Russian lady has just presented to the Pope a pair of slippers, in which were placed 160,000 francs, in banknotes.

☞ If a few grains of fulminate of mercury be placed upon an anvil and struck with a hammer, a piece will be taken out of the anvil. It is proposed to make use of this fact in gunnery, by placing upon the top of a rifle bolt a thin coating of this detonating compound (which is the same now used in percussion-caps,) and it is supposed that no iron plating can withstand its force. The experiments which have been tried with the fulminate of mercury have been successful, piercing a boiler-plate target.

☞ A gentleman travelling on the continent sends to the London Times a note regarding a plan adopted at Vesoul, a railway station in France, which he recommends to the restaurants in British stations, and which might perhaps be copied with advantage in this country. No trains stop long at Vesoul, but "MM the travellers" are informed by plentiful advertisements, that if they wish either to breakfast or dine, they will find hot meals in baskets at the buffet. The meals are composed of three dishes, half a bottle of wine, bread, and desert. The passengers leave the empty basket at the next station, and pay two francs fifty centimes, or about fifty cents in American money, for their leisurely and comfortable meal.

☞ Would Not Say Die.—The Rev. Mr. G——, an Episcopal clergyman in the western part of Pennsylvania, who had a choir of aspiring musical taste, on Sunday gave out the hymn, "I Love thy Kingdom, Lord," asking the choir to sing the first three verses. The last line of the third verse runs—

"This voice in silence die."

But the choir was unusually aspiring this day. They hung on to the last line as if they would never leave it. "This voi-oice in si-ilence di-i-i-ie," went through every imaginable flourish. At last, however, wearied out of patience, the minister roared out—"Stop!" There was instantaneous silence. "Ah!" he continued, with a sigh of relief. "That voice is at last in silence—*dead*. Let us pray."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEP'ER 2, 1865.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2.50
Two copies, "		4.00
Four copies, "		8.00
Eight copies, "	And one to getter up of club,	16.00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on the papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order. hich are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

THE LADY'S FRIEND,
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF
LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest Patterns of Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *nineteen years*—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit twelve cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent on the receipt of fifteen cents, *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers, which *apply equally to* THE POST, *and to the* LADY'S FRIEND:—

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies of the Post, or of the Lady's Friend, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, $100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on those subscriptions, and *Twenty dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five Dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be composed of subscribers to both periodicals if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 8 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

MATRIMONIAL VENTURES.

The curious ventures that are occasionally made on the great ocean of matrimony, never fail to become apparent when the official marriage returns are classified. For instance, the English returns of 1863 are now published, and we find in them the following statements:

Twenty marriages of divorced persons occurred during the year—half of the whole number being in London.

More than three-fourths of those married, both men and women, were under thirty years of age—proving that the mass of marriages were contracted at a suitable period of life.

But, on the other hand, thirty young ladies were married before they were sixteen, and two hundred and twenty-eight about the age of sixteen—showing a lack of good sense either in the young ladies themselves, or in their natural protectors.

Worse and worse, six aspiring youths of sixteen must needs take to themselves wives, fortunately all rather older than themselves. Boys, it has often been noticed, are apt to fall in love with their seniors—and sometimes they live long enough to be a little amused with themselves for so doing.

Two ladies of about thirty-five married men above eighty; and one girl of sixteen married a man of seventy—a regular April and December affair.

One hundred and fifty-six men and forty-two women married after passing the scriptural "three-score years and ten." Probably they were lonely, and wanted companionship, even if they could not reasonably expect to get love. Eight of these aged gentlemen had been bachelors, and three of the ladies spinsters—exemplifying the old maxim, "Better late than never."

Fourteen men were married who were over eighty years of age.

Finally, a man of ninety-two married a woman of eighty-one—a regular "never say die" affair. As the wedding notices generally say—"may they live long and happily together."

Ah, well, let us remember, in reading these curious statistics, that some of these dry facts might look very differently to us if we contemplated them as they were, surrounded by numerous circumstances of which we are entirely ignorant. Official returns are always like mere naked twigs, stripped of their foliage—and a fact that looks very tolerable when seen as it really is by relatives and friends, may present a rather ugly and deformed appearance to strangers who contemplate it only in the cold, drear light of official records.

Jesper Harding.

Jesper Harding, so long and well known to our citizens as the publisher of the Philadelphia Inquirer, (then called the Pennsylvania Inquirer,) died recently, of paralysis, at the residence of his eldest son, Mr. George Harding, Chestnut Hill. Mr. Harding was a descendant of a very old Philadelphia family, and was himself born in Second street, near Christian, in 1799, so that at his demise he was sixty-six years of age. Mr. Harding was a printer by trade, having learned the business in the office of the United States Gazette. It is now fifty years since our townsmen left the office of the Gazette, at the early age of sixteen. At twenty-eight he commenced the publication of the Inquirer, which proved a decided success through his energy and industry, and with it he was connected until the year 1860, when it passed into the hands of his son William, the present able conductor. In 1835 he commenced the publication of Bibles, and gradually extended his operations until he became the most extensive publisher in that line in the country. He also was largely engaged in the manufacture of paper at Trenton. The commercial disaster of 1857 wrecked him, in company with so many others; and during the administration of President Lincoln he became Collector of Internal Revenue for the First District of Pennsylvania. His health had been failing for a year past, and he had gone to Cape May lately in hopes of recuperation, but was there struck by paralysis. Few Philadelphians have lived a more active life than Jesper Harding, from so early an age to so late a moment of his career. His six children are all living, his wife having only preceded him to the tomb a short time. Of these children, besides those we have mentioned, Mr. J. Barclay Harding is the publisher of the Evening Telegraph, and Mr. J. Morris Harding was formerly a member of the Legislature, and is at present a member of the firm of Joseph E. Devitt & Co., claim agents. Jesper Harding was through all his life an amiable, genial, good-tempered man, having an ill word for none, and a kind word for all.

OUR CONSECRATIONS.

From out each yesterday of life
All have some precious store to keep:
Some little store of golden worth,
Some treasure rescued from the deep
Of those gone hours; ere yet the waves
Of time have closed their quiet graves.

Thrice dark of all dark days that one
Which leaves no brightness from its hours,
No nightingale to sing at eve,
No after fragrance from its flowers,
No holy dew distilled from Heaven,
To consecrate it fresh at even.

Blest'd art thou, heart that yearnest (though
The tears that dim thine eyes be vain)
To call back something from thy past.
Some yesterday to life again.
The gladdest summer of our years
We consecrate by autumn tears.

Each consecrates some precious part,
Some secret store of hidden worth:
We garner each our harvest sheaves
Our golden memories of earth,
Against the winter time of need;
That we may after come and feed.

And when the yesterdays of life
Shall all be numbered, still I deem
Each one shall have his store to keep,
His fadeless relic of earth's dream:
Some shadows softened by God's light,
Some star that made his journey bright.

ISABELLA LAW.

☞ A man never thinks himself mean; he only thinks himself cautious, just as a near-sighted person seem to be looking far away.

☞ The single state of Maine sent more men to put down the late rebellion than Great Britain did to the allied army during the Russian war.

☞ The Recording Secretary of a Division of the Sons of Temperance made this entry in his book, showing a remarkable ingenuity in spelling the word "usual:" "After gwine threw they yewzewal fawms thair was a collection taken up but nothing pad."

☞ Too Fast.—Two travellers were robbed in a wood, and tied to trees. One of them in despair exclaimed, "Oh, I am undone!" "Are you?" said the other joyfully; "then I wish you'd come and undo me."

☞ No Doubt of It.—As one of our deputy sheriffs, a day or two since, was speaking of taking a man to prison, he said he would much rather take a lady. "What, take a lady to jail?" said one of the company. "Oh, no, not take her to jail," replied the man. "But," a lady quickly rejoined, "you would have been glad to have taken her to *court!*"

☞ A servant girl fell out of a third story window at Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, and might have been killed, had not a gentleman caught her in his arms. Upon recovering from the shock, she asked the man if he "wasn't ashamed of himself?" and to be off "with his impertinence."

☞ Crime in Ireland is decreasing. A Donegal grand juror writes to the London Times, boasting that in his assizes there has not, among two hundred and forty thousand people, been a single case to try.

☞ Those who go into a swimming bath at the proper time are apt to remain ten times longer than they ought to. We have seen people come from the water with toes and fingers that looked as if they had been parboiled. *Such* bathing kills people. No person should remain in the water longer than ten minutes.

☞ An incurable old bachelor, and who seemingly rejoices in his infirmity, describes marriage as "a female despotism tempered by puddings."

A COUPLE OF CORNERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY VERNET.

Having an idea that it may be better for us all to tell right truthfully of what has been done in a corner, than to whisper doubtfully of what *may* possibly be done in one, I propose to take in hand a couple of corners belonging to two of my near neighbors, which have been cleared out—I don't mean that the neighbors have been cleared out—to good purpose; and as I take to myself some credit on account of said clearing out, I have been at some little trouble to lay hold of reliable data concerning them.

The first corner was a triangular bit of swamp, having an area of a trifle over an acre and a half, disfiguring a beautiful meadow, and indeed the whole farm of my near neighbor, Squire Rowe. A point of the bog came up to the road, one side of it bordered the garden, and a little brook of pure, spring water, which ran across the road, fell into it and dispersed over the surface, making the bog, with the ferns and mosses, clumps of blue berry and wild rose bushes, as ugly a blot upon the face of the fine farm as could well have been placed there.

Before I had been three months living next neighbor to Squire Rowe, I began dinging him about improving that ugly swamp. And I kept on, reminding him I think, bi-weekly, that he had paid $130 an acre for that bog, and was paying interest and taxes on it at that rate every year—and all the returns he had ever got from it were plenty of chills and fever for his family every autumn, and the skins of three valuable cows mired and drowned in the horrible place.

At last, *after* about a year, he got fairly out of patience, and swore in his way—By darn! that he'd drain, tame down, and plant that bog in cranberries, if it was only to get clear of my everlasting hounding.

Well, he went straightway and did it, and the result has been, the first year, and ever since, no chills and fever. $400 at least saved every year in medicine, doctor's bills and time, no cows mired and lost, and with a dam across the stream by means of which he can plough and drain the cranberry plantation at will, he has the most suberb ice pond in this region.

The second year, the cranberry crop paid all the expenses of draining, planting, and harvesting. The annual increase of income has been rapid; and last season Squire Rowe sold one hundred and three barrels of cranberries at $14 a barrel.

Everyone, I think, will agree that that corner is paying handsomely for the clearing out.

Corner No. 2 lies up the road about two miles, and belongs to Sam Dickerson, Jr.

Right across the road from his house, came down the spurs of a moderate ridge that forked out like a Y, and the triangular patch in between them, all grown up with brambles and briars, having its base resting almost on the highway, was a nuisance in more ways than one. It was unsightly to begin with. Then it divided inconveniently into two parts a lot that but for it would have been a fine field. Then it afforded a capital run way for two or three sly foxes that used to come down through it, and prey upon ducks and geese, and a cover from which piratical hawks would pounce upon, and carry off chickens.

I had been wrangling with Dickerson about clearing out that corner, about as long as I had with Squire Rowe about his swamp. But Dickerson was slower to move than the squire. He fell at it however—him and his two boys, one fall after the farm-work was pretty well done up; and he made a thorough job of it when he did begin. He dug and cut, and grubbed, and burned, until the obnoxious triangle was the smoothest, cleanest bit of land he had on his farm.

Then there came a warm, open spell, in February, and Sam Dickerson ploughed the triangle twice and harrowed it, and he hadn't such another piece of soil on his whole farm. With all the "wash," don't you see, down off those two spurs, and the accumulation for years, of vegetable mold—why the cleared out corner would produce a maximum crop of anything.

Always when Sam would ask me what he had better put into his "triangle," I used to say,

"Strawberries by all means. Just the place for strawberries, Sam. Warm, southern exposure, sheltered by the two spurs there, light, sandy, alluvial loam. Yes, sir, strawberries."

So the following spring the triangle was planted with strawberries, and it has been in strawberries ever since, and for three years past has been netting Sam more money than any other five acres he has on his farm.

It just now occurs to me that not long since some one made the inquiry of one of the contributors to The Post, for a locality where five hundred and some odd dollars' worth of produce could be grown on seven acres of land. As the contributor designated no particular locality where such a result can be achieved, I should like to say to that inquirer, and several other men, that within fifty miles of Philadelphia there are thousands of waste corners which, if properly cleared out and cultivated, can be made to yield more than the sum named from a single acre.

☞ Sidney Smith, passing through a by-street behind St. Paul's, heard two women abusing each other from opposite houses. "They will never agree," said the wit, "they argue from different premises."

☞ A young lady, while walking with a gentleman, stumbled, and when her companion, to prevent her fall, grasped her hand somewhat tightly, "Oh, sir!" she simpered, "if it comes to that, you must ask my pa."

☞ Cons.—The Richmond Bulletin says:—"It has pleased God to bless the Southern states with the most abundant and wonderful corn crop ever known, and we are, therefore, saved from all danger of famine and suffering for want of food. No contingency of drought, hail or storm can now injure that great Southern crop for man and beast."

☞ To make peaches grow without stones, an agriculturist who has tried it with success says:—"Turn the top of the tree down, cut off the ends, stick them into the ground, and fasten so with stakes. In a year or two these tops will take root, and when well rooted, cut the branches connecting these reversed and rooted branches with the tree proper, and this reversed peach tree will produce fine peaches without stones." The same experiment may be tried with plums, cherries, and currants.

☞ Forty thousand visitors at Saratoga this season—more than ever before. In a single morning last week, nine thousand glasses of water were dipped from Congress Spring alone.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Resources of Uruguay—Moral and Social Characteristics—Highwaymen Rescued by Lightning.

It seems singular that while Brazil is vastly wealthy in precious woods, and gems, and rich minerals, the Banda Oriental should be barren of them all. No mines producing any one of the metals worthy of attention—only here and there, traces of iron along its north-western limits next to Paraguay, a few brilliant, but worthless pebbles along the course of its principle stream, the Rio Negro, and at distances wide apart, tiny flecks of gold in the sands about the head waters of the Lagoa Merim.

When one has traversed the country and made himself familiar with its topographical features, and peculiar characteristics, the conviction becomes almost absolute that all that territory, including the greater portion of the Province of Rio Grande in Brazil, from Cape St. Marta Grande southward, including the present lakes of de los Patos, Merim, with the many smaller estuaries, bays, and lagoons, and two-thirds of modern Uruguay, was at an early period a vast indentation of shallow water, and has been gradually filled in by sands driven from the sea, accumulating after ages, a surface of rich soil in many regions, and a luxuriant growth of vegetation, in the same mysterious manner that the bare, rugged, and far-off coral reefs and islands of the Pacific gradually clothe themselves in verdure. In this manner we may account for the absence of all minerals in the country. I do not quite understand how it is possible to do so satisfactorily in any other.

The natural resources of Uruguay are purely agricultural, and in these the country is unequalled by any other of the Spanish American republics. Ruling out of the estimate the sand regions, Uruguay has a soil of unequalled richness and productiveness, and its cultivation presents one most singular feature that to the European or North American who observes it for the first time, seems a very miracle. That is the entire absence of any noxious weeds springing up and fighting with the farmer for the supremacy of the soil, as we find them doing everywhere in the United States and Europe. There are, it is certain, many weeds and vegetation exceedingly rank, in the Banda Oriental, but not one of them all is the plucky, persevering, obstinate fellow such as the cultivator of the soil in other countries always find to contend with. Once assume your territorial rule, and the weed tribes fade away from your course as vanishes the red man before the onward march of civilization.

With a climate favorable to the growth of almost all our northern cereals and root crops, and at the same time admitting of the production of many of the tropical fruits, as well as every variety of vegetables found in our gardens in the United States, Uruguay is a very garden, as generous in its vegetable, as it is in it's animal returns of wealth.

The quality of grazing on all the plains is far superior to that of any portion of Brazil, and with no marked vicissitudes of climate—no scorching and burning up in summer, no shivering and freezing in winter, and grazing abundant throughout the entire year, both horned cattle and sheep are always found in better condition, and are far more prolific, than they are in any of the adjacent territories. The beef of Uruguay is better than that of any other region east of the Andes, and the mutton superior to that of any other South American country excepting Chili.

With such a population as we have in the United States, and under a government like ours, the available agricultural resources of Uruguay would be superior to those of any other country of like extent in the world, while under the existing order of things they simply afford a subsistence to a wretched race of semi-barbarians.

The standard of morals in the Banda Oriental, is something lower than that of Brazil, in as much as there are no schools as a general thing throughout the country, and the people at the present time are more under the Jesuitical rule than any other people on the face of the earth—and it is no secret, that always, in all countries, Jesuitical influence has ever been inimical to educational advancement of the masses; and it is just as patent, that wherever we find gross ignorance, a low state of morals is inevitably its inseparable companion. Long-continued political disturbances and a vitiated government, have also contributed very much to the deplorable condition of Uruguayan morals. Those who are unwisely governed, rarely govern themselves wisely.

The social characteristics of the people are, however, very far superior to what we should very naturally expect to find in a country so subjugated to tyrannical rule, and distracted by frequent political strife. Indeed, if we leave Montevideo out of the reckoning, we have quite as pleasant a social rule throughout the country, as can be found anywhere on the great continental peninsula. Many of the social customs of the people come nearer to those of the inhabitants of the interior of the provinces of Andalusia, Murcia, and Catalonia in Spain, than those of any other people I have ever lived among. Let us take a fair example—

Being a stranger in the country, with not five words of the language at command, some necessity has sent you—say to the residence of one of the better class herdeiros. You find the proprietor absent, and there you are, at the door of the estancia, face to face with *el senora*, and you cannot, to save your life, tell her your business?—i. e. in a way that she can understand you. Now in this country, or almost any other, under such circumstances, there would be a "dead lock," a total failure of negotiations, and you might back out and begone at once for all the understanding you two would ever come to. But the social *herdeiro* is more ingenious. It occurs to her that you have some business at her door or you would not be there. So, taking your arm quite familiarly, and smiling her very sweetest, displaying such rows of pearls set in coral as you have never dreamed of having a home within a woman's lips, she coaxes you along in with words half Spanish, half Portuguese, and two-thirds the liquid idiom of the Rio de la Plata, all sounding to you soft and sweet as the ring dove's gentle cooing:—

"*Entra, Senor—entra—Por favor—entra pregui—Mucha ben venis entral.*" Englished by—Enter, sir—enter—If you please—come in here. You are very welcome. And thus the smiling siren inveigles you into the best apartment the estancia affords, leads you to a chair, and in her very gracious way, of which you understand nothing but the grace, she bids you be seated. Then she draws another chair just as close to yours as she can get it, and seats herself as close to you as possible, and looking right square into your own with those great dreamy, bewildering black eyes, she asks you earnestly:

"*Oh la—ablar Espanole usted?*"

You understand nothing of that, but the first and most natural thought of yours is that the lady is asking you if you speak Spanish, and you reply *no*, which happens also to be so in her vernacular, so she understands that you do not understand her, and directly she sets about instructing you in a manner that you can do no other than learn something, while she also progresses in English.

Away floats el senora, and directly returns with a glass of wine, which she holds up pretty high, as much as to say "speak for it, sir," as we train our dogs to yelp for a tempting morsel. Then senora asks?

"*Como el mama inse en Inglais?*" and *pique* you with a mischievous look of—"no, sir, not a sip till you tell me—*How you call this in English*," and you take the hint, replying very distinctly—"Wine."

"*Bueno, senor! Inse cosa chamado en Inglais Vinho.*" Then she goes on—"*Vinho—vinho, senor. Vemos dego—vinho*—wine—wine, sir. Come, speak—wine." And she persists until you have Spanished—Rio Plated the word properly, and she also practices on *wine* until her pronunciation is as correct as your own.

Then senora bestows the liquid reward of merit, and forthwith and familiarly goes on with her lesson, bringing into requisition your nose, teeth, eyes, finger-nails and coat-tails, teaching you directly that *como ellama* is in English, what do you call it, and herself learning that your what do you call it is her *como ellamh*, and away you float together as sociable as possible, beginning without three words of each other's language, and ending an hour's social chat which you have thought scarcely five minutes, with a very definite knowledge of nearly everything you can see, or at least the name of it, and ever afterwards qualified to ask the name of anything you happen to see or want.

Certain it is that in the Banda Oriental, as in the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, the very best Spanish grammar and dictionary any foreigner ignorant of the language can possibly have is a brilliant, bright-eyed senora if you happen to be a man, reversing the case if you are a lady—only the result is you don't learn very choice Castilian. It is, however, a *lingua franca* that will serve your purpose all over South America a great deal better than pure Spanish.

As one would naturally suppose, one of the inevitable results of such a state of political affairs as Uruguay has for so many years been subjected to, the crop of thieves and lawless brigands is everywhere plentiful enough. But it is only in the city of Montevideo that we find the highway robber a ruthless assassin and blood-thirsty cut-throat. The rural highwaymen, who are plentiful enough all over the country, are just the most civil and reasonable set of vagabonds that ever went abroad asking alms.

A dozen fierce-looking, finely mounted fellows will come dashing down upon you as if they would annihilate you at a sweep, draw rein in your front, doff their sombreros, and in a very civil, gentlemanly way inform you that they have need of *a dollar* apiece from you. I never heard a country highwayman levy more than that, and very frequently if you inform them that you have been laid under unreasonable contribution that day, or on that journey, they let you pass without exacting any tribute, and in several instances where a party has plead a depleted purse, I have seen those considerate pampa plunderers contribute so liberally to the traveller that they would send him on his way better supplied with funds than they were themselves.

It is as a general thing a very easy matter to traverse the country for an indefinite period and at a remarkably cheap rate by simply commuting the public levies. At setting out, the first company or single highwayman you fall in with, give him, or them, a dollar or two extra, produce a bit of paper and pencil, and though probably not one in a thousand of them knows one letter of the alphabet from another, they will scrawl some sort of a nondescript hieroglyphic that will afford you perfect immunity in future, unless you should happen to fall in with some irregular practitioner, in which case, if you give information to the next squad of regular highwaymen you meet, they will be sure to refund the amount of which you have been plundered, and you may rest assured that the party who robbed you will not infest the pampas very long.

As a general thing, in the city of Montevideo, the soldiers monopolize all the plundering of individuals. No person is allowed to pass along the streets at night without the password, and it very frequently happens that though a person having the word is allowed to pass himself, everything of value he may happen to have upon his person will be confiscated by these public plunderers. And there is no redress for the rascality, complain at headquarters as you will.

It frequently happens that a squad of these *soldado* marauders will set upon a half dozen or so peaceable, respectable citizens, keeping in company for mutual security; a fight will ensue, blood be spilled, life lost perhaps, and if the citizens are worsted, as they generally are, they are dragged away to the filthy prison holes, but are they arrive, are plundered of every valuable thing about them.

I remember one dark, threatening night, during one of the periodical blockades, that a party of eighteen of us—English and Americans—disarmed the guard at the principal military prison, dashed in the doors, and rescued an American merchant who had incurred the displeasure of the ruling tyrant, and was sentenced to be shot on the following day.

Our intention was to convey our rescued friend on board the U. S. frigate Congress, which was lying in the harbor, and we were in a fair way of getting safely off with him, as we were not pursued by the guard, but about half way down the street we were set upon by a strong patrol, considerably outnumbering our party.

We gave the pass-word for the night, at the challenge, but they did not regard it an atom, but pressed upon us so closely that there was no mistaking their intentions. But we had no idea of being plundered, or carried to prison that night, and we warned them to keep off.

Still they continued to press us more closely, and made a demonstration as if they would surround and capture us at the point of the bayonet. At that moment, passed Midshipman Hopkins, of the Congress, a very Hotspur, Jr., and fearless as a tiger, lost what little patience he ever possessed, and let drive three rapid shots from his revolver, so well directed, that he brought down two of the rascals and sent the third one to the right-about-run, howling, with a track of a bullet through his arm.

Hopkins's fire brought down a general discharge from the robber rascals, only slightly scratching three of our party, while our rattling, revolver reveille sent a dozen of the beggars to the sand, and the remainder on a helter-skelter run to the porches of the church of San Miguiel, directly opposite which the bit of Montevideo pastime had occurred.

We might have gone our way without paying any further attention to the thieves, if they had only behaved themselves. But after they got into shelter they would have another round at us, and, in doing so, they hit a young English middy something seriously. We were on the point of rushing in upon the cut-throats and scattering them, when there came wheeling round the nearest corner above us a whole battalion of troops, and another company filing into and blocking up the way between us and the water.

An another five minutes we should be in the hands of the tigers, and the next day there would be a firing party, a volley or two, and an end of our party.

They were almost upon us, when there was a blinding, blasting flash, an awful, overwhelming crash as of a thousand parks of artillery all discharged at once; we were stunned and struck down by the terrific shock, and when at length we staggered to our feet, the great church lay there a mass of ruins, burying in its wreck every soul of our late assailants.

Recovering our faculties, we drove down at a run upon the frightened and disorganized mass that blocked up the way below us, blazing away right and left with our revolvers, breaking through their stupefied and demoralized ranks, and gaining our boats at the landing, without a hand being raised to obstruct our progress. In another half hour we were safe on board the frigate.

☞ A WARNING TO LADIES.—The *Publicite* of Marseilles, France, announces a new kind of strike—that of bachelors. Not fewer than 6,000 young men, it states, of that place, between the age of 20 and 30, held a meeting in the open air a little way out of the town, and entered into an agreement not to ask any young woman in marriage until a complete change shall have been operated in the manner of living, and particularly in the dress, of the fairer sex. The young men insist on greater simplicity in every respect, and a return to the more modest habits of a century or two ago.

☞ A flag flies as an old man walks—by the aid of a staff.

☞ Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous heart.

☞ "Sleep, like death, is a great leveller," said Mr. B———, yawning, as he closed a large volume just before retiring; "Plato, while asleep, was no greater than any other mortal: *ergo*, when asleep, I'm as great a man as Plato." "Was Plato, when asleep, think you, your equal in every respect?" asked his friend. "Certainly." "Then he must have been an awful snorer."

☞ To see a Britisher scalp a Britisher, says Sam Slick, talking of parliamentary conflicts, is equal to a bull-fight, any time. "You don't keer whether the bull, or the horse, or the rider is killed, none of them is nothin' to you; so you can enjoy it, and hurrar for him that wins. I don't keer who carries the day, the vally of a treat of julep, but I want to see the sport. It's excitin', them things." As to killing, the more the merrier."

☞ The Germans do not use the words "church-yard" and "burying-ground" to designate their places of interment. They use the beautiful and suggestive expression, "God's Acre," and "Court of Peace."

☞ An engineer tells the following story of Western life:—We had been busy during the day, running a line through a dense piece of woodland. An old woman gazed on us for some time in silence. We all saw she wanted to enter into conversation; and none, with the exception of myself, wished to gratify her. I soon commenced a dialogue on various subjects and things, and, as a matter of course, I put my best foot forward. Struck with my language, she exclaimed, in a tone quite flattering to my vanity, "La, how learned you are!" But the compliment received a death blow. "If I was as high learned a scholar as you," continued she, "I'd quit ingeneerin, and go to keepin' a little grocery!"

☞ A good story is told of a country gentleman who, for the first time, heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had read much of the aristocracy of the church, and when he returned home, he was asked if the people were "stuck up." "Pshaw! no," replied he; "why, the minister preached in *his shirt sleeves!*"

☞ The difference between the two sexes may be often stated thus: A man gives two shillings for an eighteen-penny thing he wants, and a woman gives eighteen pence for a two shillings thing she does not want.

☞ A little girl in Hartford jumped her rope five hundred times and fell dead.

☞ A correspondent, speaking of Alexander Dumas's lectures in France and Belgium, says that, although the placards announce discourses on Cæsar and Napoleon, the lectures are in reality devoted to "Cæsar, Jules-Gerard, lion-shooting, swimming, the Kalmucks, and personal adventures. The lecturer has an enormous manuscript with him, from which he never once looks up the whole time of the lecture, so frightened is he by that hydra, the public."

☞ The last wonderful discovery made is that by a Frenchman, that electricity applied to a certain small apparatus repels rain, and he places that electrical apparatus in his cane, which he holds above his head, when the rain pours off in all directions. The people of the town in which he lives gaze at him, it is said, with a sort of awe as he walks in the midst of rain without being wetted. The days of umbrellas are over!

☞ A person's character depends a good deal on his bringing up. For instance, a man who has been *brought up by the police* seldom turns out respectable.

☞ The ocean, besides being a medium of commerce, is largely engaged in the manufacturing business. It produces no end of blue and white serges.

☞ Why should marriage be spoken of as a tender tie, when it is so tough that nothing but death can cut it?

DEACONESSES' INSTITUTION.

[From the "Lady's Book," June, 1865.]

Miss Florence Nightingale, in giving some touching particulars of the death of that Christian hero, Pastor Fliedner, of Kaiserswerth, (on the Rhine,) has also given an interesting account of the good Institution he founded for the benefit of women and the blessing of the world.

Pastor Fliedner commenced his Institution for Deaconesses in 1833; he died 1864. Miss Nightingale thus sums up the results of his thirty-one years' faithful labor in the service of God and humanity:

"Pastor Fliedner created a hospital, a penitentiary and asylum for women released from prison, an orphan asylum, normal school, an infant school, and, lastly, a lunatic asylum—the whole to serve as training schools for his Deaconesses, whom he also trained as Parish Deaconesses. The mother house was at Kaiserswerth. But his sisters are not only all over Germany, but all over the world; from the East to North America, from Italy to London. He has Deaconesses at Jerusalem, Constantinople, Smyrna, Alexandria, and Bucharest. And since 1860, he has (as stated in the number of *Evangelical Christendom* of October, 1862,) at Beyrout and Sidon, given a Christian harbor to the orphan children and sufferers from the Lebanon massacre, under his Deaconesses' wing.

"In the spring of this year (1864) there were 415 Deaconesses belonging to Kaiserswerth, of whom 256 were full sisters; 303 are at work at 103 stations in Germany and abroad. Besides these, twenty were at work in the war hospitals of Schleswig-Holstein, ten more had been asked for by the War Minister, but only some of the ten could be spared to go. In the Schleswig-Holstein war hospitals were more Roman Catholics, Austrians, and Danes, than Prussians. (So much the better. The Roman Catholics know now how Evangelical Sisters of Charity can work.) Thirty-three sisters are at work as Parish Deaconesses in twenty-five parishes, but yearly have applications for sisters to be refused. The harvest truly is ready, but the laborers are still too few. Seventy-five sisters devoted to education only (of whom thirty-one are full sisters) are included among the above 415. But this number gives no idea of the work of training mistresses for infant schools, elementary schools, industrial schools, young ladies' boarding schools, and governesses for private families, which goes on at Kaiserswerth. 1,007 have been thus trained, who work freely for the good cause, but do not enter as Deaconesses; and blessed as is the work of the latter, perhaps the former work has an equally world-wide influence for doing good."

We might plead for a similar Institution here, describe the self-denying, enthusiastic charities of our ladies during the past four years, while Philadelphia has been the City of Hospitals for the sick and wounded of our Army and Navy; thus proving how easy it would be to obtain helpers in the good work, and also pecuniary aid. Pastor Fliedner's example would hardly counsel such imitation of his course. Christian philanthropy, to be real and durable, must be the work of faith, hope, love, wrought out in patience on the Gospel foundation. Christ must be the Leader and Exemplar for us, as He has been for Pastor Fliedner. The grain of mustard-seed must be sown here; we cannot plant the blossomed tree and make it live.

How to organize the services of Christian Women, so as to make their work the most beneficial to humanity, is now the problem which some of the noblest minds and holiest men in the Christian Churches of America are seeking to solve. They begin to understand that, as women had *name, place, and "memorial,"* under Jesus Christ and the Apostles, when the Church was founded; so women should now have the same privileges. The recognition has never yet been awarded them in any Protestant Church of America, and never can be fully done until the order of Deaconess is restored.

Therefore, we humbly pray and petition, in the name and on the behalf of all Christian Women in our land, that "The General Protestant Episcopal Convention of the United States" would take up this subject and begin the good work. Other denominations of our Christian People will, we trust, find authority in the Gospel for similar Institutions, and thus give women *name and place and memorial* in all the Churches of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The authority for employing women in the services of religious instruction and care of the poor, under the direction of the Church, has been carefully set forth in a pamphlet* published in Philadelphia, 1863, and widely circulated. To that we refer our readers. But the example of Christ who, "made of a woman," showed Himself her Divine Friend as well as Saviour, we will briefly examine. Christ gave women his public sympathy and confidence. He accepted their ministrations and defended their cause; performed His first miracle at the suggestion of a woman; revealed to a woman His Spiritual mission, which she first taught to men; gave to a woman the blessed "memorial" that "she hath wrought a good work on me;" and after His glorious resurrection, appeared first to the women, giving them a message for His disciples.

Did not our Saviour show clearly, by his example, that believing women were to have some name and place and memorial in His Church on earth?

The Apostles, no less than the Saviour himself, enjoyed the co-operation of Christian women. In the "Acts" and in the "Epistles," how many reports of the good works of women are recorded! The names of Dorcas and Lydia, of Phebe (*the deaconess,*) "servant of the Church," and Priscilla, who assisted her husband, Aquilla, in the instruction of Apollos, come to us as examples of the worth of woman's ministry in Christian Churches.

We need not enlarge. The excellent "Report," to which we refer, proves, conclusively, that the office of "Deaconess" in the Church, was organized by the Apostles. Earnestly do we hope and pray that this order of women may be restored, and that the "General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States" (1865,) will plant the good seed which may grow up in pure loveliness and fruitfulness, an

"INSTITUTION, primary in position, whose object shall be, not only the association and training of women for lives of mercy and labors of love, but also to gather around it all the auxiliaries to Christian usefulness in Homes for the Aged, Asylums for Reform, Infirmaries, Orphan Houses, Christian Nurseries, and the like, to be served by its ministry, to the glory of God and the highest good of humanity."

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

* "The Report made to the Diocese of Pennsylvania on Organizing the Services of Christian Women," etc. Committee, Rev. George Leeds, Rev. M. A. De Wolf Howe, Rev. Leighton Coleman, Rev. Felix R. Brunot, Prof. Henry Coppee.

"Woman's Mission to the Christian Church," is another pamphlet on this important subject, deserving the thanks of all who wish to do good. Published 1864.

THE HISTORY IN SEVEN VERSES.

1. "She shall be called woman because she was taken out of man."—*Gen.* ii. 23.

2. "I will put enmity between thee and the woman."—*Gen.* iii. 15.

3. "Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."—*Proverbs*, xxxi. 25.

4. "Blessed art thou among women."—*Luke*, i. 28.

5. "God sent forth His Son made of a woman." *Gal.* iv. 4.

6. "The woman is the glory of the man."—1 *Cor.* xi. 7.

7. "A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars."

FAITH AGAINST MUSCLE.—A distinguished clergyman lately preached a sermon on "faith," in which he took the ground that it was the source of all power and achievement, and more trustworthy than any physical or material advantage. While he was going home, after church, one of his congregation, accosting him, said that he was expecting to be assaulted by a bully whom he had offended, and good-humoredly inquired if he should trust to faith or muscle in the impending contest. "To faith—by all means to faith," earnestly responded the preacher; "but," he instantly added, and with a gesture suited to the occasion, "you must show your faith by your works!"

☞ It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At one of the judge's dinners during the assizes, there was present a certain dignitary of the church. When the cloth was removed, "I always think," said the very reverend guest, "I always think, my lord, that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after a good dinner!" "Oh, no, sir!—by no means," replied the Chief Baron; "it's the *uncertain* quantity that does all the mischief!"

☞ It was a curious freak of the late tornado in Minnesota that it stretched the telegraph wires sixty feet. When found by the repairer, the wire, though disconnected from the main battery, was so charged with electricity that it communicated a severe shock nineteen hours after the storm had passed. It is supposed that the wire was so overcharged as to become red hot, and in that condition stretched by the sheer force of the wind.

☞ No faithful workman finds his work a pastime. We must all toil or steal—no matter how we name our stealing.

☞ The rain has one disreputable fault; it is an eaves-dropper.

☞ Mr. Richard Thornton, the millionaire of London, who died a few weeks ago, left property to the value of $18,500,000. As an instance of the manner in which he accumulated wealth it is related that he was apprised of the fact of Napoleon's return from Moscow three days before it was known either to the British Ministers or to any other person in London, and he profited by it something over $1,000,000.

☞ A Western reporter, in one of the cities on the Mississippi, announced the arrival from New Orleans of the lady of a prominent major-general after the following quaint style:—"Mrs. Gen. C——— came up on the Handy. Her cargo consisted of three hundred and eighty bales of cotton, and eight hundred tons assorted private freight."

☞ THE TRIPLE.—A rapid and emphatic recital of the following, is said to be an infallible cure for lisping: Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs Nobbs with Snobbs, and robs Nobbs's fob. "That is," says Nobbs, "the worst for Hobbs jobs," and Snobbs sobs.

☞ In accordance with the state law requiring each county to erect at its court-house a sun-dial, one has been put up at Pittsburg, and then enclosed by an iron railing in such a manner that no one can see the dial. Wonder what the commissioners thought the dial was for?

☞ The following are among the notices put up at a petroleum town in the western part of the state: "No talking with the chambermaid." "Fare as high as at any other house." "Not responsible for boots left in the hall." "No sardines admitted."

☞ A good story is told by the porter of the Morgue (dead house) in Paris, who was aroused at 2 o'clock one morning by the loud ringing of the bell. He found a tipsy man at the gate, who replied to his interrogations, "I have not been home for three days, and I feel quite uneasy about myself—so I have come to see if I am here."

☞ The following startling threat was made use of the other day, by an excited pugilist:—"I'll twist you round your own throat, until there is nothing left of you but the extreme ends of your shirt collar, sticking out of your eyes." His opponent left.

☞ Two young ladies of astronomical tastes at Norwich, Conn., thought they had discovered a remarkable phenomenon in the heavens the other night, and called many of their friends out to look at it. Everybody was astonished at the shining orb, except a youth of a philosophical mind, who started off on a journey of investigation. He had not proceeded far when he found that the brilliant star was the head of a gilded weathercock on a distant barn, on which the moon's rays had fallen.

☞ Josh Billings says—"When a man's dog deserts him on account of his poverty, he can't get any lower down in this world—not by land."

☞ The editor of a country paper put a dozen saucy questions to a political opponent, and concluded with calling him *a brandy barrel*. Whereupon the "opponent" retorts, "If he has that opinion of us, no wonder he is so fond of *pumping us*."

☞ Among the new announcements in London is one of an "International Polyglot Travelling Institution," to which young gentlemen of all nations are admitted. The school "will be continually travelling, under the superior person. Each language will be taught in the country where it is spoken with the greatest purity. Towns, monuments, and museums, will be carefully and scientifically inspected."

☞ Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit? Because they didn't want him in the family circle.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ANNE SEARS FISK.

Soft were the pillows—the light was dim,
I lay at ease on my restful bed,
And dreamed of angels whose sinless hands
Held back all care from my sleeping head.

Hot was the sun on the outer wall,
But not a gleam came into the room,
Dim as the twilight on southern seas,
Quiet and cool in its grateful gloom.

But softly a light hand touched my hair—
The dream was dead, and the angels flown;
I turned—an angel lingered and smiled,
Earthly and mortal, but all my own!

Soft, soft were the eyes my angel wore,
Like a pale sky on a summer night;
No wings were spread, but I often think
I see them folded in lines of white!

"Mamma!" she said, "I feared you were dead!
I stooped and listened to catch your breath;
You were so silent, so calm, so still,
Mamma! oh what if it had been death?"

"Mamma," she said, as I clasped her hand,
Faithfulest darling who blessed my sleep;
"Rest! none shall wake you, rest long and well,
Here while you slumber, my watch I'll keep!"

In all the years that shall ceaseless walk
Over your heart with relentless feet,
Dear one! may never you yearn in vain,
For homage rendered in ways so sweet!

Man-Slaughter By Mistake.

A LEAF FROM A BLOCKADER'S LOG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY R. T. MAXWELL.

We did not, in this monotonous blockading existence of ours, witness frequent scenes of bloodshed, human carnage and horror; but there was one tragic incident, which occurred in the early part of my service on blockade duty, and in which I was a principal actor, that ever since has frequently reoccurred in my dreams, and while I live, will thrill with its terrible reality every fibre of my being, whenever memory involuntarily flashes back upon the hated scene.

We had, during our first months of blockading service in the Nonpariel, several very bad fellows among the crew—three of them were especially so. Chief of the three, and instigator and ringleader of all the mischief and insubordination that had occurred on board, was Jack Smith, an Irishman. He was a big, burly fellow, strong as a giant, a prime seaman when so disposed, and possessed of more brazen impudence than I ever saw exhibited by any man before. Besides all these qualifications, Jack was a murderously disposed, blood-thirsty scoundrel, quarrelsome among his shipmates upon all occasions, and came on board the Nonpariel fresh from a Boston prison, where he had served out a year's apprenticeship for stabbing the captain and a chief mate of the last ship he had been in.

The second of our three worthies was Bill Barstow, a cockney Englishman, a ticket-of-leave subject from Norfolk Island, where he had been sent by some British criminal court, for the term of twenty-one years, for the crimes of burglary, arson, and assault with intent to kill. Bill was in all respects a fair match for Jack Smith, except that he was less formidable physically, carried a trifle less brass in his face, and as a sailor was considerably below mediocrity.

Our third worthy was a Green Mountain Yankee, named Enoch Thorpe, the superior of Jack Smith even in stature and muscular development; and unlike men of gigantic mould generally, Thorpe was certainly possessed of the most malicious, murderous disposition I have ever met with in man. He had fled from Vermont to avoid the consequences of having maliciously maimed for life a young clergyman against whom he had taken a causeless spite; and of this and many other lawless deeds he made open and frequent boasts among the crew.

With three such samples of rascality cooped up with us within the contracted limits of a craft like ours, it is natural enough to conclude that neither our berth or quarterdecks were very much like a modern, salt-water paradise. Every day there was a row of some sort—often a serious one; and as a rule some one of the three disturbers of the peace was constantly in double irons, and not infrequently all three at once were undergoing the severest punishment allowed by the rules of naval service. But neither punishment nor kindness produced the least effect upon the obdurate rascals. Matters were daily becoming worse, and it was a common remark among the officers that the three unruly desperadoes must be got rid of or open mutiny and murder would soon ensue. It was finally resolved to state the facts to the Admiral at Port Royal, and ask that the three desperadoes should be transferred to some one of the larger vessels of the fleet, where they could be managed with more facility than in our little cockle shell of a craft. Before an opportunity for putting in practice this resolution occurred an event happened which rid us and the entire service of the three wretches forever.

We had been ordered to run across the Gulf, and dodge along up and down the western edge of the Banks, between Abaco and Gun Key for ten days, after which we were to look into the Havana, Matanzas, and Cardenas; when we were to stretch across the Old Providence Channel, reconnoitre Nassau without going in, and then cut directly across the Banks for Port Royal, and report to Admiral Dupont.

Our ten days of Bank cruising being up, and the breeze very light at south, making it impossible for us to fetch by Gun Key against the strong Gulf current, which here runs close in to the coral reefs, we anchored on Saturday afternoon a mile off shore from the Great Bimini, the principal island of a group designated on the charts as the Biminies—a mere cluster of sandbars a few feet out of water, the haunt of wreckers, wretches, and vagabonds of both sexes and all colors—white, black, and "tan," renegades from half the civilized, and some of the uncivilized nations on earth. This delectable territory of barren sand-heaps is claimed by Great Britain, and on the southwestern extremity of the Great Bimini is a collection of miserable huts and wigwams, half sheltering a population of perhaps five hundred beings, half human, who are ruled over slightly by a man named Armstrong, a good many years since a cashiered subaltern from the British Navy, his government being a sort of verbal vice-royalty from that of New Providence.

In the course of the evening, after we came to an anchor, the commander of the schooner proposed that the next morning after breakfast, provided the wind still headed us, that I should take with me some bags, ostensibly for the purpose of bringing off some of the sharp, beautiful coral sand, most capital material for cleaning paint, and with one of the boats, land on the island with a view in reality of worming out from the islanders any knowledge they might happen to possess of blockade runners and their movements.

Accordingly on Sunday morning, when the people were mustered on deck, the order was given to the crew of the port quarter boat to be prepared to go on duty at one bell. The sand bags and two or three buckets were placed in the boat, and so soon as the crew were piped down to breakfast, I quietly slipped a brace of loaded revolvers into the locker under the stern sheets, not knowing what might occur in my intercourse with the wreckers, to make the weapons a necessity. I also placed in the stern sheets a sharp hatchet, as I had observed some dwarf bushes growing on the island near where I proposed to land, and I had always been possessed of a perfect mania for cutting and saving as a curiosity, any unknown wood I might fall in with in any part of the world.

When the boat's crew were piped away, I observed that all three of our outlaws were among them, and as only Bill Barstow belonged to the boat, I inquired of Jack and Thorpe why they were there?

"Tom Oaks and Dennis Grattan are sick, sir, and we thought you'd please let us go in their places," replied Jack, in a far more respectful manner than I had ever known him to manifest before.

"Very well—yes; you can go in the boat," I replied, scarcely giving a thought to what I said; and inside of five minutes our eight-oared boat was flashing through the water towards the island.

Our commander had advised that we should not visit the town, but land a mile or so below it, directly opposite the schooner, and there saunter about until the naturally prying propensities of the islanders should lead them out in our direction, when a communication might be established without the least danger to ourselves.

I accordingly landed on the beautifully smooth, hard coral beach, and ordering the men not to leave the boat on any account whatever, I laid hold of my hatchet, and strolling over the first sand ridge, I began hacking and hewing at the first shrubs I encountered, which were of a variety of wood I had never seen before.

I was so thoroughly interested in my new samples of timber, that for quite half an hour I thought little of anything else. Then I began to wonder why none of the islanders had not made their appearance, as certainly they must have observed our landing.

Finally it occurred to me that it might not be amiss to look after my boat and men. I did so, and found the boat readily enough—flung up by the surf several feet on the hard sand beach, broad side to the water, and canted in on her bilge, with her keel towards the sea.

As for the men, they had all "made tracks." Wide apart the tracks were too. The wet sand bore evidence conclusive that every mother's son of them had gone off up the beach in the direction of the shanty metropolis at a loping run.

My first thought was to signalize the schooner and obtain assistance to recover my runaway crew. But the second was, "they'll laugh at me, and call me coward;" and then without any very definite idea of any kind, I set off up the beach at a rate of speed that if the land and my breath only held out, would soon bring me into Havana. As it was, my legs soon brought me to the city of Bimini, and singling out the biggest hut in sight, which I guessed must be the Executive mansion, I plunged headlong up the three or four rude steps, and right into the august presence of His Excellency, Governor Armstrong, one of the raggedest, grossest, most villainous looking fellows I ever had the luck to run a foul of.

Governor Armstrong was surrounded by a score or so of his chief counsellors, almost as filthy and ragged as himself, some fifteen Bimini beauties, and my eight runaway Nonpariels, and every soul of them, women and all, were guzzling raw rum, puffing black, filthy pipes, and having a jolly, uproarious jubilee generally. As soon as I had gathered breath sufficient to articulate, I addressed my boat's crew:

"Men, my orders were that you should remain by the boat. Having disobeyed them, my advice to you now is, that you set off at once, and run back just as fast as you have run hither."

There was no response. Not a soul moved.

"Very well, then; I shall hurry back to the boat myself, and signalize the schooner for assistance to take her off. You can all remain here, for all I care. Your desertion will be a gain to the Nonpariel, and the service in general."

Jack Smith dashed down the tin pot from which he had been swilling rum, and leaping up, he came striding towards me, flourishing his huge fists *a la* Heenan, and in a most brutal, bullying tone retorted—

"Look a-here, mister; you ain't first luff of a cockle shell man-o'-war here. You're on British ground—I'm a Britisher; and by — I'll jest take 'n lamm you!"

I realized in a moment that it was to be *fight*, or ignominious flight; and as I had no idea of running away without a single effort to maintain the integrity of the button, I deemed it prudent to withdraw from a position in which I might so easily be penned up and surrounded. I accordingly, without taking my eye from that of the renegade, backed cautiously down the steps, and off from the hut to the distance of perhaps ten yards, closely followed by the menacing bully, and more remotely by the remainder of the boat's crew, and a majority of the wreckers.

The moment I halted Smith let drive at me a tremendous blow, which I avoided, and in my turn gave him such a vigorous *spat* with the flat of my left hand, square across his mouth and nose, that he was knocked fairly upon the flat of his back, and partially stunned.

In a moment after Jack went down, Thorpe occupied his tracks, his eyes flashing vengeance, his teeth grinding together in brute rage, and his murderous sheath knife gleaming in his uplifted hand.

From my earliest babyhood, I had been notorious for my kicking proclivities, and the accomplishment did me good service upon the giant mountaineer; for fetching a sudden kick in the abdomen, into which I flung every atom of energy that was in me, I doubled the rascal up like a jack-knife, and sent him to the sand, hors du combat, for a few moments at least.

Thorpe's knife fell at my feet as he went down; and in a second, I had it secured inside my belt. Just at this moment it occurred to me that I had forgotten to remove the pistols from the locker of the boat, and consequently was wholly unarmed; except that I had my hatchet, which throughout the encounter thus far, had been hanging by its lanyard dangling from my right wrist—and then there was the knife just acquired—these were my only means of defence against it might be fifty, or a hundred desperadoes, before the battle should be ended.

Jack Smith staggered to his feet, foaming at the mouth, and, literally yelling his horrid curses and imprecations, was preparing to hurl himself upon me again with his drawn knife. Several of the wreckers had also drawn their weapons, and were making hostile demonstrations. Thorpe was gathering himself up, roaring with rage, like a mad bull; and I saw no earthly hope, unless it were in the five men of my boat's crew, whom I had always considered honest, reliable fellows.

A single glance towards the group assured me that they, too, were enemies; and an exclamation from one of them fixed in my heart a resolution as unflinching as steel, that I would rather be hewn to mince-meat by their murderous knives, than solicit one atom of mercy from the wretches.

"Pitch into the bloody luff, Jack!" yelled one of the five; "kill him—and then hurrah for the schooner! We'll have her to-night, sure. Won't she make us a jolly little privateer to pick up Havana traders with?"

A general hurrah, was the response; and Jack Smith made a desperate lunge at me with his knife.

As I hope for salvation hereafter, I had no murderous intention, or thought of slaying the ruffian when he thus assailed me. I thought to defend myself without killing. Leaping aside and avoiding the fellow's thrust, as quick as thought, I gathered the helve of the hatchet in my hand; my intention was to hit him with the weapon on the side of the head, and beat him to the earth.

It is probable that in my excitement I smote with my whole might, and hit wide of my intended aim; for the flat of the hatchet with the edge downward, fell upon his jawbone; the helve turned in my hand, and the keen blade sunk to the very eye, in his throat, severing cartilage, and sinews, wind-pipe, and jugular veins; the hot blood spouting in a gory jet into my face, and over my person. The hideous-looking wretch stood there before me for a brief space of time, his under-jaw fallen, tongue lolling out, his eyes glazing, and the horrible gash in his throat gaping wide—and then with a spasmodic shudder, Jack Smith the outlaw, plunged forward into the sand at my feet—dead.

I have an idea that I must have been mad, or very near it, just then; though every action, word and thought of my own, and every movement of those about me, is as clear and distinct in my memory to day, as anything that ever occurred within my sight or hearing.

Confronting the astonished and startled spectators of the terrible scene, and uttering a wild, defiant yell, I laid hold of the dead man by the waistband of his duck-trowsers, and swinging him clear from the ground, as if he had been but the weight of a dead kitten, I sprang away towards the beach, and actually carried the body at least two hundred yards, going upon the full run, and followed by the whole yelling pack of motley islanders, headed by Thorpe and English Bill, and all in full cry—yelling like devils incarnate—

"Kill him! kill him! Put your knives into him! Cut the bloody luff into fish bait!"

A very pleasant predicament to be in—don't you think so?

At first I had nearly a hundred yards the start of the yelling devils; but my carrying such weight was a fatal clog to my speed; and it was only when they were almost upon me that I happened to think the carrying off thus of a dead man the sheerest folly in the world; and I accordingly dropped the corpse at the very instant that Thorpe, who was now within two strides of me, raised his hand to plunge a knife, which he had snatched from one of the wreckers, into my back.

The assassin stumbled over the corpse, and plunged headlong forward, pitching his weapon past me ten yards or so. I caught it up by the point of the blade, and turning instantly, hurled it with all my might at my pursuer. It was a heavy Spanish blade, full fourteen inches in length, and striking Thorpe, point foremost, exactly over the heart, was driven home to the very heft in his broad chest. With a horrid yell of mortal agony the ruffian leaped high into the air, and went down grovelling in his terrible death throes.

Again there was a brief respite for me as the human wolves, half paralyzed, halted for a few moments over the body of my second sacrifice. But soon they came on again, yelling more hideously than ever; while English Bill and a dozen of the most fleet of foot among the islanders, had taken to the sand ridge back from the beach, with the intention of heading me off from the boat by a short cut across a little promontory that intervened between myself and the landing.

I had distanced all those who were pursuing me direct, and began to breathe with hope again, when on rounding the point of the projecting promontory, a hundred yards from the boat, I saw Barstow fifty yards in advance of all his party, and full thirty nearer the boat than I was. If by any means the fellow should be apprised of those revolvers being in the locker of the boat, and he should reach her first, I had stood my last watch, and written my last log.

Great God! The miscreant *did* know of the revolvers being in the locker, or guessed it from the circumstance of my not using any during the running fight. And the wretch would secure them, for when he gained the boat I was still twenty yards distant.

Plunging into the stern sheets Bill drove in the locker door with his foot, snatched out the revolvers, and had just succeeded in drawing them from the leathern cases when I grappled him.

The struggle was brief and terrible—for it was life to the victor—death to the defeated. I had grasped the fellow by the wrists, while he clutched the weapons by the butts. By a superhuman effort I bent the scoundrel backwards over the gunwale of the boat, when suddenly his feet tripped, and down into the boat we both went headforemost.

There was an explosion, a gurgling moan, a spattering of warm blood in my face, a shudder or two—and there, on his back in the bottom of the boat, lay Bill Barstow, the convict, ticket-of-leave man, mutineer, and would-be pirate—dead—his features blown out of the semblance of humanity by the simultaneous discharge of both the revolvers.

When I arose from that death-grapple, I beheld on the land side of me, the baffled wreckers of the Biminies sullenly retiring, while on the other hand, at half a cable's length from the shore, came two boats filled with armed Nonpariels dashing on to the rescue.

The three dead men were left to the care of the islanders, while the five rascals of my boat's crew, who had remained passive spectators of all my peril, were conveyed on board, put in irons, and finally handed over to the naval authorities at Port Royal, to whom they confessed that the plot of the three ruffians and the Bimini pirates had been to murder me first; then, when a boat's crew came to search for me, to capture them, and then another; until they had so much weakened the vessel's crew, that they could easily pounce upon and capture her that night, and she would make for them a magnificent rebel privateer, alias, Bimini pirate.

Extraordinary Hair-Growths.

Several phenomena of extraordinary hair-growths have occurred, which constitute strange exceptions to the general experience of mankind. Instances of hair attaining a marvellous length are not infrequent; and it is said that it is by no means uncommon, among the Malays, for the hair to touch the ground. But the phenomenon of a *woman with a long beard* is extremely rare. A woman is mentioned, by Eusebius Nicerimbergius, who had a beard reaching below her middle. There was also a woman at Copenhagen, alluded to by Bartholin, who had a profuse beard. A bearded woman was a few years since exhibited in New York.

It has long been believed, on the authority of certain historical statements, that the hair continues to grow after death. Thus, it is said that, when the sarcophagus which contained the head of Charles I. was lately opened, the hair was found to have attained a marvellous length. Wulferus speaks of a woman buried at Nuremburg, whose grave was entered after a lapse of forty-three years, when the hair of the deceased was observed streaming through the clefts of the coffin—which, I presume we are to infer, had become so crammed with *post-mortem* tresses that the subsequent accumulation was forced to accommodate itself outside. A sufficient answer to these wild statements is afforded in the physiological fact that all vital action in the body necessarily ceases with life, and, therefore, the *post-mortem* growth of the hair, at least through the regular mode of production, must be considered as an impossibility.

Peter Massius relates that, at a place named "Holy Rock," upon the confines of Pisa, a girl was born completely covered with hair. The circumstance is attributed to the fact that her mother was in the habit of indulging in morbid rumination on a picture of St. John the Baptist, in his hairy raiment, that hung at her bedside. In 1815, Ruggieri, gave an account of a woman, aged twenty-seven, who, from shoulders to knees, was covered with soft, black, woolly hair, "like that of a poodle dog." In 1829, a man was seen at Ava, by a member of an embassy to that region, who was covered with hair from head to foot. On his face, nose and ears it was *eight inches long*, and four or five inches on the shoulders and breast. Fry, the traveller, saw a Fakir who had hair on his breast measuring sixteen inches. Olliver, a contemporaneous French physician, speaks, in a recent paper, of a young lady with an exquisitely fair skin, and beautiful deep-black hair, who, in the course of recovery from a fever, found the whole surface of her body in the peculiar state sometimes exhibited upon exposure in cold weather, being covered with what are commonly termed "goose pimples." These remained, and in the course of a few days, each became dark at the summit, and presently a little black hair appeared. In a month, these hairs had grown so fast, she was entirely covered, excepting only her face, her palms, and the soles of her feet, with a coat of hairs an inch in length. We are told by Elbe that, during the reign of Maria Theresa, there was a female hussar in the army, possessing a strong moustache, who served several years, rising to the rank of Captain. In the last century, there lived a woman called the Bearded Virgin of Dresden, whose portrait has been preserved. According to Michelis, her beard, which was three inches long, grew from each side of her chin, and was of snowy whiteness. At first, she cut it every month, then every fortnight, and, eventually, twice in a week. Contrasting strongly with her white beard was a moustache of short black hair. It is said she had a voracious appetite, a loud voice, and was a person of undoubted courage and boldness. A young woman of twenty-two, a native of Switzerland, applied at the Charing Cross Hospital, London, for a certificate of her sex, in order to satisfy the scruples of a clergyman before whom she had come to be married, who could not believe that whiskers and a beard four inches long were consonant with her representations. It seems that she was born with hair upon the face, and that, at eight years, it had attained a length of two inches. She stated that she had a brother quite as remarkable for the *absence* of beard. She had no moustache. A sister, two years younger, possessed the same peculiarities. Subsequently to her marriage, she was exhibited in London, under the appellation of the "Hairy Prodigy." Dr. Gras, of Louisville, has made known the case of a woman, aged seventy-eight, healthy, and the mother of a large family, whose face, at the sides, on the chin and lips, was covered, thickly, with coarse hair, which she was obliged to shave off as often as once in a week. She was very masculine in appearance; in fact, the long hair of her head, was, apparently, her sole feminine characteristic.

GRANT'S ONLY JOKE.—The only joke that Lieutenant-General Grant was ever known to perpetrate, was one day during his campaign in Mississippi, when the rebel General Winter was coming up to attack one of the wings of his army, where the commander-in-chief happened to be himself present. "Gentlemen," said Grant, quietly knocking the ashes from his cigar, and looking around at the officers near him, "you see a severe *Winter* approaching, and I advise you to have the boys *keep up a good fire!*"

☞ A nice old lady up town, declares that she thinks it very strange that a little quicksilver in a glass tube, can make such awful hot weather by just rising in it an inch or so.

THE UNKNOWN SHORE.

The unknown shore, the unknown shore—
I see it in my dreams;
And in my blissful waking hours
So beautiful it seems!
I fain would launch my earthly bark
Upon the open sea,
To reach the distant, unknown shore,
So radiant to me.

O flower bedecked! O dew begemmed!
The wondrous, unknown shore!
And they who stand upon its banks,
Nor weep nor sorrow more.
Green pastures lie the entire way;
The water by it flows;
And sacred lily-blossoms grow
Beside the Sharon rose.

The yellow flood comes shimmering down,
Palm trees are bathed in light;
Out from among the branches flit
Strange birds, with plumage bright.
Bird-notes are heard 'mid rustling leaves;
Harp-tones are floating o'er;
Seraphic songs by seraphs sung,
Echo on that fair shore.

I see no spectre on the shore;
The living Christ is there!
He beckons me with open hands,
He listens to my prayer.
O soul, go forth without a fear,
To find the unknown shore,
And all thy dread and all thy doubts,
Thy darkness, all are o'er.

A Picture.

What a pity children should ever grow up! The other day, passing through an entry of one of our public buildings, we saw two little boys, of the ages of six and eight, with their arms about each other's necks, exchanging kiss after kiss. It was such a pretty sight, in that noisy den of business, that one could but stop to look. The younger of the children noticing this, looked up, with a heaven of love in his face, and said in explanation, "*He is my brother!*" Pity they should ever grow up, thought we, as we passed along. Pity that the world, with its clashing interests of business, love, and politics, should ever come between them. Pity that they should ever coldly exchange finger-tips, or more wretched still, even exchange glances. Pity that one should sorrow and grieve, and hunger, and thirst, and yearn for sympathy, while the other should sleep, and eat, and drink, unmindful of his fate. Pity that one, with meekly folded hands should pass into the land of silence, and no tear of repentance and affection fall upon his marble face from the eyes of his "brother." Such things have been. That is why we thought, pity they should ever grow up—"*Heaven lies so near us in our infancy.*"

Surprised.

A fine-looking man, of noble physique, and clad in overcoat, gloves, and stout boots, was walking out the other day with his little three-year-old daughter, a pale-faced child, with bare neck and arms, and morocco slippers. A neighbor, meeting them, began to ask with great apparent concern after the father's health, adding:

"But I'm glad your little one does not inherit your feeble constitution."

"Feeble constitution!" exclaimed the astonished parent. "Why, I was never sick a day in my life, while, as to my daughter, we fear she has her mother's consumptive tendencies."

"Indeed," replied his friend, with a sly twinkle of the eye, "you took such extra care to protect yourself from the cold, while she goes bare-necked and in pasteboard shoes, I inferred that it was you that inherited the mother's consumptive tendencies, and not she."

QUARRELLING.—If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is, unquestionably, a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

ENERGY.—It is a common error to mistake mere effort for energy. Where there is real power adequate to the performance of the task in hand, there will be no effort. The strong man will lift a weight easily and even gracefully, while the weak man, who rushes forward and puts forth all his strength, may pant and tug at the burden, but either fails to accomplish the task or does it only in a strained and awkward manner, showing plainly his want of the requisite power. There is in connection with every form of bravery a true energy and its counterfeit. Bluster is not courage, rashness is not readiness, doggedness is not fortitude, stupidity is not patience, fool-hardiness is not valor, recklessness is not magnanimity, and desperation is not self-devotion.

A NEW WIT.—A Western pettifogger once broke forth in the following indignant strain:—"Sir, we're enough for ye, the hull of ye. Me and my client can't never be intimidated nor tyrannised over; mark that. And, sir, just so sure as this court decides against us, we'll file a writ of progander, sir, and we—" Here he was interrupted by the opposite counsel, who wanted to know what he meant by a writ of progander. "Mean? why, sir, a writ of progander is n—a—a—it's a—wal, I don't just remember the exact word, but it's what will knock thunder out of your one-horse courts, anyhow."

A KNOWING LINGUIST.—An unsophisticated alderman, on being told that the Italians and French have no *w* in their languages, informed his informant that he "couldn't fool him in that way," and knowingly wanted to know how they could spell wagon, or wealth, or woman, or wine without a *w*.

☞ There is no monarch's signet ring that is typical of as much duty as the wedding ring is.

AT SEA.

Far away the flowers are growing,
And the sweet June breezes blowing,
Rich warm light on hayfields glowing,
Sleepy cattle, homeward going,
By the leafy hedgerows lowing,
Lights and shadows waver o'er,
Lovingly, the lovely shore,
Far, far away.

Here the winds are round us sighing,
And the desert waves replying,
And the sea-bird skimming, flying
Round our ship, her rough track plying,
Day and night still changing, dying
Round our course—for evermore
Passing from the lovely shore,
Far, far away.

Far away dear hearts are sending
Thoughts of love, all space transcending;
Dear and honored knees are bending,
Voices sweet for us ascending,
Many a note of blessing blending—
Mighty blessings, following o'er,
Guard us to that other shore,
Far, far away.

Moonlight on the waters sleeping!
Sun, in golden glory steeping!
Stars, your watch above us keeping!
Waves about us rolling, leaping!
Winds those liquid mountains heaping,
Light us, roll us, bear us o'er
To that other unknown shore,
Far, far away.

REWARDED AT LAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LAURA LAIR.

"Twenty-two, alone, friendless, and poor."

Pitilessly fell the rain-drops on the brown, decaying leaves; mournfully came the low sighing of the wind through the naked branches of the trees, as the night was closing in on a wet and dismal day in autumn.

"Twenty-two, alone, friendless, and poor!" Echo answered the voice which came bitterly from the compressed lips of a lady who stood leaning drearily against the window-frame in the deep gloom; no light, no fire, no bright eyes, or sweet voice to call back the restless, weary spirit which peered hungrily out through the dark eyes into the darker night.

"I am tired—very tired. My life is all a blank. Oh, God, why is it that this restless, longing heart, should be so cramped and fettered by circumstances! Why is it that with all these aspirations and longings for a pure and noble life, I am unable to make one human being happier with my presence—unable to cause one heart to thrill, or one eye to beam with gladness at my approach?

"I would fain lie down to-night under the shadow of the old elms yonder; and if the spirits of the departed *are* permitted to visit again the haunts of earth, it would be a delicious pleasure to listen above to the tiny drops tinkling over the still breast beneath. Oh, I have prayed for love, for wealth, for fame; but, my Father, I only ask Thee, to-night, for rest, sweet, peaceful, dreamless rest."

"Mrs. Marston requires the presence of Miss Lester in the drawing-room."

The words aroused Miss Lester from her dreams, called back her wandering thoughts to the stern reality of the present.

"Miss Lester will comply with Mrs. Marston's request immediately. You need not bring lights, Sara; I will go down as I am."

The door closed, and Luna Lester endeavored to force back the wild light from her eye, and smooth the troubled expression of her face to its usual composure; and a moment afterwards, she entered the drawing-room gracefully, yet quietly; and at Mrs. Marston's request, cheerfully endeavored to entertain the company with music.

This was a request which she did not dislike. Her fingers were at home on the white keys, and she loved to accompany the sweet notes with her clear, rich tones.

She sang with her whole soul, not merely to please her auditors, but it relieved her heart to pour itself out in song.

A stranger was present she observed; she was introduced to him, but did not heed the name, knowing that she was sent for merely to amuse them; she allowed him to lead her to the piano, without paying any attention to him, scarcely glancing at his features.

She played a few fashionable airs, then striking the keys with a firmer hand, she poured out her soul in her favorite song, "No One to Love."

It spoke with thrilling, passionate eloquence of the young heart starving for sympathy and affection—of the saddened past, and despair of the future.

She was unconscious of the feeling she was exhibiting—unconscious of the presence of any one; she only realized that she was weary and sad; her own voice had loosened the fountains, and the great tears rushed over her cheeks, sprinkling the slender, white hands like dew.

The low, kind tones of the stranger recalled her.

"Allow me to thank you, Miss Lester, you look weary. I fear that we have over-tasked your strength; do not exert yourself farther, pray."

Bowing confusedly, she excused herself from the company, and withdrew.

Luna Lester *was* alone, an orphan, friendless, and poor. When ten years of age she had been left to the tender mercies of the world, by the death of her mother, who had been for some years a widow. After the death of her sister, Mrs. Williams, though in indigent circumstances, took the charge of her orphan niece, and she had shared in common with her cousins the comforts of an humble home and a practical education.

Child though she was, it was very humiliating to Luna to become an object of charity, even though her benefactor was the fondly-loved sister of her mother. The proud spirit was humbled when she thought that the clothes she wore, the bread she ate, and the education she was receiving, was earned for her by others.

She was imperious, and impatient of restraint even from those she loved best; but she was also ambitious and diligent in her studies, outstripping all competitors at school, aside from performing faithfully her duties at home.

Her aspirations were to become independent, to become capable of earning a support for herself, beside repaying in part the trouble and expense which she had unavoidably been to her relatives.

At sixteen, she determined to be dependent no longer; finding her teacher alone one day, she made known her wishes to him, and asked him if he could give her a recommendation as a teacher.

The kind, thoughtful eyes were bent seriously upon her for a few moments, contemplating the slight childish form, and the earnest young face so eagerly awaiting his answer.

"My dear child, if I have seemed to hesitate it is for your own sake; do not think that your diligent perseverance has passed unnoticed these four years. That you had an aim, and a noble one, I well know; and that you have earned an education which qualifies you for a teacher, I am well assured; but you are young and delicate, and my heart's tendrils have been weaving themselves very closely around you, little one, for the resemblance you bear to a bright, young form which I laid in the dust many years ago.

"I know the many annoyances, which as a teacher you will be obliged to encounter, and I would much rather the wisdom and experience of a few more years should be yours ere you begin this work. Yet I would not discourage you. I know that you are ambitious, and will overcome the obstacles which may arise. Therefore I will cheerfully recommend you, and assist you in obtaining a situation; and whenever you may need a friend, remember there is none who would more cheerfully and willingly lend you his assistance."

Luna was very grateful for the kind advice and sympathy of her teacher, but her heart was too full to speak, and the great tears which rolled over her cheeks was the only answer she made; yet this was an eloquent one.

The hand of the venerable teacher fell instinctively upon the bright young head, and a fervent prayer rose up from his heart, that the young feet might have a guide; and that early she might learn to trust in One who would never leave nor forsake her.

The last day of school came, and Luna felt that her school-days were over, at least for many years, until she herself could earn a competency to complete her education. But her life was in its morning, and the shadow of the weary years which loomed up before her, could not darken her young and hopeful spirit.

When the exercises of the day were at last over, and the time for parting came, she was in grief as deeply as the rest. In this, as in every other school, friends had met who vowed eternal constancy, that time nor space could lessen their love.

Alas, *so soon* the change come, in most cases, that all thoughts with the sight of them are gone.

"I have good news for you, Luna," said her teacher friend, some weeks afterwards. "I have obtained a situation for you, as an assistant in the Seminary at L———. The salary is good; and I think you will have a pleasant school. And now let me give you a little advice, my child. Study the disposition of each pupil carefully and patiently; remember that the germs are immortal, which have been given into your hands for cultivation; a word, a look, or a tone, often haunts a soul a lifetime. And an impression received under peculiar circumstances, sometimes can never be eradicated, although the mind may become convinced of its error; therefore, my child, be wise, patient, and diligent, in training your pupils, as you have been with yourself."

The next two weeks spent at home. When her thoughts wandered out into the future, she could not help a little shrinking at times, from the thought that she was going out to learn the world alone. Yet even the difficulties which presented themselves to her mind seemed to add new strength to her purpose.

It was on a beautiful day in early spring, that she bade good-bye to her home and friends, and not without many pangs of real sorrow.

In her heart she had prayed earnestly for strength to battle with her destiny.

Sitting in the little parlor for the last time, she was musing soberly upon her future. The dew-drops still hung heavy on the grass, and the birds were trilling their morning songs round the open casement.

"I wonder if I shall be missed by any one when I am gone? Aunt and Cousin Lucy will not miss me, I think. Lucy will be glad that she no longer has to divide the nice things which she gets with me, and aunt will think that I am better off, because I am earning my own support. Ah! well, they have been kind to me, and I will repay them some day."

"Tousin Feddie dot a posey for oo!" And a little black-eyed two-year-old cousin came pattering across the floor, and laid in her lap the first wild violet.

Its rich, purple leaves had been crushed by the chubby little hands, fearing that he might lose his treasure in carrying it by the stem.

What a trifle sometimes touches our hearts, calls forth a flood of tenderness both now and strange to ourselves!

Luna knew that she had loved her baby-cousin very dearly; but the fragrant little offering presented by innocent baby hands opened her heart to the giver, and she took him in to share without a rival the ardent, passionate love of her nature.

Snatching him up, she pressed him to her heart, kissing the sweet lips with almost frenzied earnestness.

"Yes, little Fred, I will repay them the trouble I have been, and you shall be the recipient. If your cousin can win fame, honor, and wealth, you shall share it all, my little darling."

"I will make a noble man of you. You may be an orator, perhaps; the world shall know you, and I shall be so proud—*so proud* to know that it was I who did it. I, who, by earnest and persevering labor, brought out a noble soul to dispense light and wisdom to thousands. I have something to work for now, and I shall be brave. God bless you, my sweet darling."

The baby eyes were opened wide with wonder—dark, dreamy, and trustful in childish innocence. Showers of golden, silken locks fell in tiny ringlets with each motion of the restless little head, and the tiny lips, like coral threads, were parted half in mirth and half in wonder.

Once more his passionate, impulsive cousin folded him to her heart, calling him her pride, her darling, her sunbeam.

And little Fred, unlike his juvenile brothers and sisters in common, did not cry, but, like a startled bird, nestled shiveringly in her arms, seemingly awed by her wild vehemence.

The village of L——— was delightfully situated, its surroundings picturesque and beautiful. Two small rivers intersecting near the centre, formed an angle upon which was situated the seminary, the asylum for the homeless, and the churches of the several denominations.

It was a lovely spot, and every pains had been taken to adorn the grounds around the seminary beautifully and usefully. The pupils were not required to pore over the dreary pages until the brain became too weary to retain the knowledge gained.

A large garden with choice flowers, well trained, and beautiful shady walks, invited the little weary limbs to partake of their cool freshness.

In sight of the play-ground was the village cemetery, its pure white monuments gleaming through the dark evergreens and roses. On the east and north steep bluffs stood out in bold relief against the sky, and upon these were situated the palace-like residences of many of the most wealthy inhabitants. Altogether, it was just the spot to foster genius, and nourish the love for the grand and sublime in nature.

It was an evening of more than usual loveliness, upon which Luna made her entrance into the midst of the fairy circle where she was to reign as queen.

The children were assembled for tea, when the principal accompanied her into the room, and walking with her to the head of the table, introduced her as their future instructress.

Many bright eyes were turned to the fair young face of the teacher, some mischievous, some wilful, and some loving and gentle ones. The beautiful face invited their attention, and won the love of the most ardent ones at a glance.

This was not strange. Even the most critical judge of beauty would have found something in her face attracting and powerful, though she would hardly have passed for a beauty. It was the strange, shifting, varying expressions which played over her features, and gleamed from her eye, which made her attractive.

Her form was yet childish and delicate; dark, rich brown hair fell over her pure brow, and clustered round the white throat, regardless of ornament or fashion, fair complexion, and eyes which seemed to change in color as her feelings varied, at times a tender blue, but dark as night when the passion-fires were lighted.

A rapt and almost holy beauty rested upon her features as she took her place for the first time among her pupils, and she prayed earnestly that she might never fail in her duty toward them.

Bowing gracefully, her glance wandered quickly over the merry group, striving to read the disposition of each.

After the first salutation, the meal was finished in silence, as the children were not allowed to talk at table.

Luna performed her duties faithfully, studying the wants of each mind carefully, and supplying, so far as she was capable, the proper discipline.

She had grown to feel very happy in her new position; happy in the knowledge that she was beloved by her pupils, and respected by the teachers, for the tact and good management which she displayed.

She had her education to complete, a name to win, and wealth to gain, however, before her task was completed; and with this object in view, she labored diligently, early and late, devoting all her leisure hours to her own studies.

Aside from her relatives, Luna had never yet loved. Her little cousin occupied the warmest place in her heart, yet at times her ardent nature had felt the need of something to complete its strength, some one to appreciate her efforts, and to love her through all. She believed that such love would some time bless her life, but as yet she had not thought how, when, or where it would be revealed to her, and was all unconscious of the passionate love which was slumbering in her heart, and of the fires through which it must become purified and refined.

May-time came, and a party was given for the children. The garden was gracefully and beautifully decorated—festoons of roses woven among the evergreens and shade-trees, and an arched canopy, flower-lined and covered, shaded a rostrum where the queen sat in state.

Upon the same platform was the speaker's stand, where young genius might pay homage to beauty, and shower pearls of eloquence over the bright assembly.

Luna was chosen queen, and she did not seem unfitted for the title.

A mist of fleecy drapery floated around the slight form, roses in her hair, roses creeping over her waist and shoulders, roses under her feet, and roses everywhere. The little waiting-maids, flower-encircled like herself, hovered like fairies around her. The scene might have almost seemed a vision, a fantasy, in its swift-fleeting loveliness, but for the bird-like notes which poured from dozens of little throats at a signal from the fairy wand held by the queen.

When the music of the tiny choir had died away, a speaker was introduced.

He was a noble type of true manhood, elegant without affectation, free and natural without rudeness. He stepped forward, and gracefully bending the knee, saluted the fair hand of the queen. Then stepping back, with a careless toss of the head, he threw the brown curls off from his brow, and, casting a bright, bold, impassioned eye over the scene, his breast heaved, and his whole form quivered with inspiration, and when his deep, rich tones broke the stillness, every heart was beating high with enthusiasm.

Boy though he was, his eloquence awoke many an older and more experienced heart to new truths and beauties, and many a well-stored brain was enriched by the natural and philosophical ideas which he presented. He spoke thrillingly for nearly an hour, and when he took his seat none could deny that a superior mind had held the mastery of their own.

Elmer Stanton was only twenty years of age, and an only child. His early boyhood had been devoted to diligent study, and so long as his father lived he had had every advantage which a parent's love and industry could purchase.

But at fifteen he was left fatherless, and his mother a widow; his father had been a poor man, and now, young as he was, he was his mother's only support and dependence.

Noble boy! he laid aside his books and labored faithfully to earn a support for her.

Teaching through the winter, and laboring summers, he had managed to lay by a sufficient sum to enable him to devote his time to the study of a profession for a year or so.

He chose the law, and having a natural love for it, he had made rapid advancement, and at the age of twenty was expecting in a few months to be admitted to the bar.

A bright future seemed opening for him, but labor, only diligent and persevering labor, could yet win the position he sought; there was no time to pause, to indulge in youthful pleasures, and pastimes; experience had early developed the strength and manhood of his nature, and opposition did not discourage, nor disappointments dishearten him.

He was determined to win wealth and fame, and to win them honorably and nobly.

Elmer Stanton and Luna Lester were formed to love one another, and the first long, earnest glance into the frank, earnest, and truthful eyes of Luna had impressed the ardent mind of Elmer that she would be necessary to his happiness.

With pure and ardent minds, no long years of acquaintance are necessary to develope their love; intuition flashes the truth upon them that their natures are congenial, and time will only strengthen the attachment.

From this day they met often, and they soon learned to know that the society of each was necessary to the other to complete their happiness; but both had a work to accomplish, a goal to reach.

Elmer must earn a competency to support a wife, his bride must be happy, his home a paradise, where the world's bustle and strife should not enter. And Luna's ambition was to educate herself, she must become fitted to be the wife of such a man as she fondly pictured Elmer to be.

She must cultivate her genius, by this win a name and the means to educate her cousin, which she was still determined to do.

So they were betrothed, expecting some day to become husband and wife, but *when* they could not tell. Their pledge to remain true to one another, though years of silence and separation should come between them was made with holy earnestness.

Time brought its changes. Elmer removed to the west, where he might have a broader field for labor, and Luna labored on in her school.

For four years they had been separated, and still the same trust was felt by each in the other. Luna had remained in her school during all this time, making rapid advancement in her own studies, and more than once had she enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing her own name in print and her productions eulogized by critical judges, and still there was a want in her nature, which praise, nor the admiration of the world could supply.

She had grown tired of the monotonous routine of school duties at L———, and longed for a change. Glancing over the paper one morning her eye caught the following advertisement:

"Wanted—A young lady as governess in a small family; must be conversant with the French, German, and English languages, and a thorough musician. Address Box 3566, No. —."

Here was an opportunity for a change, and Luna determined to apply for the situation.

Mr. Wilbur, the principal of the seminary, was very loth to release her from her duties, but perceiving the earnestness of her decision, he did so, and with a very flattering recommendation to her future employers.

An engagement was made, and Luna, after paying a short visit to her relatives, departed for her new home.

The residence of Mr. Marston was situated in the suburbs of the city of N———, it combined all the pleasure of the city, with the delights of a country residence.

Magnificent gardens were in the rear of the house, and a spacious lawn in front, where the proud and ancient elms towered above the flowers and evergreens like sentinels.

The house was a palatial structure of brownstone, with verandas supported by pure marble pillars, round which the ivy vines had twined, close and lovingly.

Luna was for a time delighted with the change she had made. Mrs. Marston was a pleasant and genial lady, and her duties were to superintend the education of her two little girls, both lovable and warm-hearted children.

For a time the gayeties attendant upon city life was food and rest for Luna's imaginative mind, not that she mingled in them, for her *position* would not allow her to become more than a disinterested spectator, nor did she wish to. She loved to stand apart from the throng, and dissect the forms of fashionable life and become conversant with the ways of the world.

She had accumulated quite a sum toward the generous purpose of educating her cousin, and had carefully treasured it away, until the time came that he would need it. She was just beginning to realize some of the brightness of her youthful imagination. As an authoress she had been successful, and had won applause from many. She had earned an education which fitted her to adorn the proudest station which America can boast, and she was looking forward to a time in the future when *all* her mission should be accomplished, and the goal of her ambition be reached. But alas! the disappointments of life; when our hopes are brightest and our hearts lightest, the clouds of sorrow are hanging darkest above us.

A black sealed missive came to Luna one day bearing the sad tidings that little Fred, her baby-idol, had left them, had closed the dark eyes, and folded the little dimpled hands for a long sleep.

How her heart writhed with anguish; her hopes were swallowed up in despair, and in the bitterness of her anguish she exclaimed, Oh, God! if I had not loved him he would have been spared. The wild idolatry which my heart lavishes on its chosen is fatal! Oh spare my idols, and take me home ere the last one is wrung from me.

Nearly two years had passed since she had received any tidings from *her* betrothed, yet the faith she had pledged to him was regarded as sacred through all the long months of silence.

When the first desolating grief was past, Luna resumed her duties as usual, but with a chastened and wiser heart. She had learned how uncertain hopes founded upon worldly objects are; her heart had purged itself of some of its proud ambition, had grown gentler and tenderer toward all humanity, more thoughtful and charitable toward the erring and oppressed.

She still longed to win a name, one that would be spoken tenderly by loving lips when the earthly form had again mingled with the dust. But she sought it *now* more by *doing* good, by releasing and encouraging weary hearts to struggle on, and pointing to wandering feet the right way.

Leaning against the window pane in the attitude in which we first met her, her life looked aimless, and her task a thankless one. She felt that she was of no real use. A thousand could be found to fill the position she occupied if she should drop from existence, no one would miss her, the waves of life would close over without a ripple to tell that she had been.

Excusing herself from the company who had been witnesses of her emotion, Luna hurried away, sorrow and mortification surging in her bosom. Her pride had been humbled by the exhibition which she had unthinkingly made of her feelings.

Out of the hall into the veranda she passed, heedless whither she went, and pausing by one of the marble pillars, she threw her arms around it, and rested her burning brain among the damp, cool leaves.

She was very lonely and wretched. The tones of the stranger had recalled a loved voice which had long been lost to her—a voice which even in memory had power to send the warm flush to her cheek, and cause her heart-strings to tremble with joy.

The moonlight struggling for a moment through the gloomy, broken clouds, fell lovingly upon the drooping figure, wandering among the loose curls, tinging them with a holy radiance. The sweet, calm light which fell around her crept into her heart, and lighted its darkened chambers also.

She felt herself drawn upward into a purer and holier atmosphere. The pain had all died out, and a holy hush succeeded the wild outburst of feeling, and while the soft, soothing drops fell ever and anon from the overladen leaves, her soul sought its Maker to gather new strength.

She did not dream that other eyes than those of her Maker had witnessed her despondency, until a soft hand was laid caressingly on the bright hair, and a voice tremulous with love and deep feeling pronounced her name. "Luna, Luna, do you not know me?"

The sad face was lifted from its damp resting place, and the earnest eyes bent wonderingly upon him for a moment, while a rapturous joy beamed from their dark depths."

"Oh, Elmer, you have come back to me at last!"

"Have you ever doubted me, darling? The years have been long, I know; but your own heart must have told you that I loved you still, I was laboring earnestly for you. I have failed in many of the bright projects of my youthful dreams; but I have never failed to remember the prize which I was striving for, although I have been cruel enough to test your pure love by a long and painful silence. Forgive me, darling, I have earned a competency and a reputation at last; and when you are my own I shall ask no more."

The weary head rested for a few moments upon his bosom, and when it was lifted a new light shone from her beaming eyes.

"Oh, Elmer, we shall be so happy. I have learned many lessons during these long, lonely years; but I am thankful for them now. They have taught me to prize you; taught me how cold the world is to the friendless and poor. We will not only live for one another now, but to do good to others also, to lead back to the path of right those who may stray, and extend a loving hand to the friendless and lowly."

"Yes, dear one, experience has been necessary to us both, but we are *rewarded at last*, and from the fullness of our own hearts we will endeavor to lighten the burden of others."

There was much wondering and dissatisfaction among the fashionables, when, a few weeks later, the popular and courted lawyer Stanton took into his heart and home a wife—pure, noble-hearted, but simple and unaffected in her true womanhood. Their vision was dimmed by the world's false glare, and all the loveliness, all the lofty grandeur of true worth was lost to their selfish, blinded sight.

But two hearts were happy; were united by holier ties than earth can sever. A perfected life was theirs, crowned with love and noble aspirations, beneath whose pure light all selfish and worldly ambition dissolves into sympathy, humanity and purity of heart which neither time nor eternity can sully or dim.

The Conventionalities of Pronunciation.

What shall we say of the conventionalities of pronunciation, and the mysterious caprice which regulates the value of our British vowels and consonants? In the primers and horn-books of infant life, D, O, G, has spelt dog from time immemorial. But dandies of the Restoration called that intelligent little quadruped a *dog*, and the dandies of our own day called it a *dawg*. Much commiseration has been felt for the "poor letter H," and the neglect with which it has been treated in cockney dialect. But the R is worse off, for its use is being gradually abandoned in those quarters where the purity of the Queen's English is supposed to be most scrupulously preserved. As an initial, it was once the fashion to pronounce it as a W; and indeed it was only the other day that I heard a man speaking of some ridiculous ewwor which had swept into a celebrated dwama, and wemained long there after it had been witten, wead, wepeated and wehearsed. This was an affectation which came in with Lytton Bulwer, and departed with Thackeray. There are few even of our youngest exquisites, who venture to speak in such accents now. But the R is, nevertheless, slurred over and even omitted by many, who would scout the idea of imitating a natural defect of speech. What has become, for instance, of the final consonant in the word "father." In west country dialect it is still preserved, but in polite circles it is still pronounced *fatha*; never, *nevah*, and-so-forth. Half a century ago, the letter A was similarly used. Old gentlemen still exist who speak of St. Jame's street, and the Peletinete. E and I changed their places. "Arithmetic" was called *arethmetic*, and "messenger" became *missinger*. To this day, Lord Russell declares that he is *obleeged*, and it is a curious proof how extremes meet, that the same expression is adopted by the humblest laborer in Devonshire. The truth is, that, when the word was originally borrowed from the French, every one called it "obleeged;" and this provincialism, like many others of the same class, is nothing more than the old-fashioned talk of our forefathers. That our pronunciation not only of English, but of foreign languages, has materially altered with this generation, there can be little doubt.—*London Society*.

☞ FAIRS.—A state fair is a queen; an agricultural fair is a farmer's daughter; a church fair is a parson's wife; an editor's fair is the best-looking girl he can get hold of; a charity fair is a female pauper; and the most unpopular fair in the universe is lodging-house *fare*.

☞ Men do not live as long as they did in the old time. The men of this age are very fast, and a fast man soon gets out of breath.

THE PORTRAIT.

It was only a head, and was perhaps the smallest picture in the gallery. At first I took it for a Murillo, but learned afterwards that it was by his great master, Velasquez. It was the portrait of a lady between eighteen and twenty, surpassingly beautiful, but of a beauty essentially Spanish. The complexion, though dark, was so incomparably clear, that it charmed the eye far more than the pearl-like fairness of northern climes. The classical severity of a brow and forehead over which the hair was plainly braided, was tempered by the sweet expression hovering round the mouth. If it had not been for the deep, sad, subdued expression of the full eyes, the general expression would have been almost haughtily commanding. But those eyes, so large, so lustrous, so finely formed, so expressive of the sorrow-stricken emanations of a lofty and sensitive soul, few could gaze upon them without tears dimming their own.

The magic touches of the master's pencil had been limited to the face and the upper part of the neck. It was left to the imagination to supply the graceful form of the fair original—the bust and arms moulded on some perfect Grecian statue, and fingers like those of the vestal who stirs up the ashes of the sacred fire with a golden bodkin.

Blonde northern beauties, fair girls, and stately matrons, blue-eyed and golden-haired hung either side of the lovely Iberian, like lilies of the field around some rare exotic; and immediately above it, attached to it by a black silk scarf, was the portrait of a cavalier-looking fellow with a courtly air, and the love-locks of Charles the First's time. The interest inspired by those eloquent eyes was heightened by this strange companionship, and a wilder tale of human passion than that which explained it seldom falls within the sober limits of truth.

When that "bright occidental star," Queen Elizabeth, departed this life, and James of Scotland reigned in her stead, strange tidings of matrimonial negotiations with the most ultra Roman Catholic court in Europe disturbed the British householder. The Nonconformist preachers improved the occasion to adorn their harangues with visions of Smithfield fires re-lighted, Jesuits guiding the helm of state, and an inquisition sitting *en permanence* at Whitehall. By-and-by it was whispered from mouth to mouth—and this time the rumor chimed in with the popular taste—that their young Prince, disdaining court etiquette, aspired to win his bride like some knight-errant of old. Poetry and romance still lingered on English ground. A great change was approaching, and already loomed in the distance, but as yet the Puritan element was overawed by the gallant and chivalrous spirit that Spenser had clothed in flowing numbers, and Sidney and Raleigh in deeds of heroic daring. So when the Prince of Wales sailed from England with a flowing sheet, and it was bruited abroad that he had adventured a perilous journey for the love of a lady fair, the people applauded, and, despite the drum ecclesiastic sounding through the land, drank success to the Spanish alliance.

At the time this journey to Madrid was planned, one of the most devoted and favored adherents of the Duke of Buckingham was Sir Edward Listowel. His father had been a favorite of King James, and one of that monarch's earliest customers when he took to speculating in baronetcies. In due course of time he died, leaving vast possessions to his only son. Much to Buckingham's chagrin, the king refused to include Listowel in the personal suit of the Prince, and persisted in limiting the number to three—Sir Francis Cottington, Sir Richard Graham, and Endymion Porter. It was therefore finally arranged that Sir Edward should join them in Madrid with Lord Denby, Lord Kensington, Lord Cecil, Lord Howard, and the other young nobles who were to form the Prince's Court. These cavaliers were specially chosen for their gallant bearing and showy accomplishments; yet even among them the apt pupil of the courtly Buckingham, who had acquired both the winning manners and the views of his patron, was almost unrivalled.

In the month of July, 1623, a bull-fight was held in Madrid, for the purpose of displaying the national pastime to the Prince of Wales. These spectacles were always eagerly welcomed by the fair Iberians. The galleries of the bull-ring were the arena for the display of their charms and their toilettes—better adapted to the national character than the ball-room and opera of modern times. Like the fair dames in some tournament of old, they smiled approval upon the gallant feats of their preux chevaliers in the enclosure, and their full Cleopatra-like order of beauty, most effective when in repose, was suited to the position. The Spanish cavaliers were not sorry for an opportunity of eclipsing for the nonce their English rivals, who had attracted far too much attention. The romantic errand of the prince had turned the heads of half the young ladies in Madrid, and his retinue fell in for no small share of his popularity. As foreigners, they were to some extent regarded as privileged persons, and held excused from many of the nicetics of Spanish etiquette, so adroitly framed to throw impediments in the way of speedy acquaintance. It may easily be supposed that the Spanish Hidalgos by no means approved of these arrangements; indeed, the chief enjoyment they promised to themselves in this bull-fight was that for once they would be the sole objects of attraction.

The eventful day arrived. The sun, fast sinking towards the west, shone upon the magnificent appointments of the cavaliers, superbly mounted on Andalusian steeds, as one by one they entered the arena. The galleries were filled with all the beauty of Madrid. Jewels flashed, plumes waved, and bright eyes sparkled. But alas for the cavaliers! It soon became painfully evident that the attractions of a bull-fight could not compare with the novelty of a prince-errant, and that glances which ought to have rewarded the prowess of the champions were monopolized by the gallery assigned to the prince and his attendants.

As for the strangers, they were warmly interested in the spectacle, and enthusiastically applauded the superb horsemanship and cool daring of the combatants. No one was more engrossed by the scene than Sir Edward Listowel, until, leaning eagerly forward to get a better view of a close encounter between the infuriated bull and one of the cavaliers, he caught a glimpse of a face partly turned towards him, so beautiful even in that crowd of lovely women, that bull, cavaliers, matadores, and everything else, were at once forgotten. The English Court in King James the First's reign was remarkable for the degree of beauty that adorned it; but Listowel felt in an instant that anything so lovely as this he had never seen. It was a young lady between eighteen and twenty. She was speaking when he first caught sight of her. The sweet musical tone of her voice, the beauty of her lips as her words overflowed, to use Horner's metaphor, the pearl-like enclosure of her teeth, the graceful lines of her figure, resolving themselves with every moment into new and ever-charming combinations, exceeded his wildest ideal of female loveliness. She was the original of the portrait, but then there was health as well as beauty in the cheek, and brightness and animation in the eyes, instead of that deep and desolate sadness which strikes the spectator so vividly in those of the picture.

For a few moments Listowel was completely bewildered. But he was not a man to lose his self-possession for long. Habitually cold and cautious, he looked again and again to make sure that his first glance had not deceived him. He scrutinized carefully and critically the peculiar points of her national beauty, mentally reviewing, at the same time, the ladies of the English and French courts most celebrated for their charms, and the more he gazed, the more he found to admire. "I will wait a little while," thought he, "for an opportunity of addressing her, and if none should occur, I must make one." For be it known that Listowel was not one of those lovers who are satisfied with worshipping their divinities at a distance, nor had it ever been his habit to let his admiration remain long unknown to its object. An opportunity, however, did occur, and that shortly.

The combat was progressing vigorously; the bull made a succession of splendid rushes, and the interest of the spectators was excited in a corresponding degree, when suddenly a thrill of horror appeared to seize the vast multitude, causing it to surge to and fro in wild and uncontrollable excitement. The sparkling countenance of the fair girl whose variations Sir Edward had been admiringly watching became blanched with terror, as she fell back in her seat, and covered her face with her hands. He looked up, and sprang to the edge of the gallery to ascertain the cause of the sudden excitement. The bull had cleared with a bound the palisade between the arena and the humbler portion of the spectators, who fled in all directions. But promptly to the rescue came a matadore. One moment his long knife gleamed in the air—the next, the huge animal staggered and dropped at his feet. Loud "vivas" rent the air; the crowd, more frightened than hurt, gathered round the foam-covered carcase, and Listowel, as he returned to his seat, addressed the young lady in a few appropriate words, begging her to calm her agitation, as the danger was over and no one injured. She withdrew her hands from her eyes, and raising them to the young Englishman, whom she had observed springing forward at the first alarm, answered:

"Are you certain, sir? I thought I saw the terrible animal trampling down all before him."

Fair lady, the sport is over, so far as that bull is concerned, and before he could do any mischief he was despatched by one of the matadores."

The conversation once begun, Listowel took good care not to suffer it to languish. He spoke Spanish fluently. His accent, it is true, was unmistakeably English, but that very circumstance, indicating that he was attached to the prince's suite, was, as he knew full well, more likely to advance his suit with any lady in Madrid than if he had been a grandee of the first class. He did not yet know Olivia de la Pena, or he would have felt how little impression things of that sort made on her mind. Donna Olivia was most curious about England and the English, their manners, and modes of thought.

"And they are all heretics?" she asked, crossing herself.

"By far the greater part," answered Sir Edward; "but," he added, for he did not relish the tone in which she had spoken, "those distinctions are things of the past. Religious animosities are forgotten, and our prince is now come over, like some knight of old, to woo the king's sister, whilst the Pope himself is about to sanction their union."

"But still he is a heretic," persisted Donna Olivia, rather giving utterance to her own thoughts than addressing her companion.

"Sits the wind in that quarter," thought Listowel, "it is hard, but I can trim my sails to meet it. He has been educated in the reformed faith," he replied, "but one of the distinctive features of our doctrines is, that they sanction, and even encourage, inquiry. Our religion is instilled into us in youth, but if the judgment of maturer years rejects it, we never hesitate to recant our errors."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Olivia; and her cheek kindled, and her eyes flashed, as she turned them upon her companion with an eager, searching look.

Listowel avoided the glance, but he felt it, and thoroughly read its expression.

It was little more than a month after the scene at the bull-fight, that the light of the waning moon, as it streamed through the trellised entrance of a grotto in the palace-garden of Don Felix de la Pena, discovered a lady and a cavalier. The gentleman was speaking in low and earnest tones. The lady eagerly listened.

"Remember, Olivia," he said, "all that has happened since we met. Through you I have abandoned the faith of my ancestors, and now you would have me set in direct hostility to my Prince. Bitterly opposed as your father is known to be to this marriage, how can one of the Prince's suite demand your hand? No, my love," he continued, softening his voice as he spoke, "our union must be secret. A few months passed, and these negotiations terminated, I can call you mine in the face of the world, and carry you to England, where you will reign the queen of beauty in the Court, and the mistress of my home and happiness."

"Then why not wait till then?" said Olivia, in a low and faltering voice, as if she already anticipated the reply.

"Trifle not with me, dearest," answered he; "you know that in three days I leave Spain with despatches for the King. The Prince has chosen me to carry them to England, and I cannot explain to him the real cause of my reluctance. I *must* go: and how can I go without putting it beyond the power of fate to rob me of you? How can we tell what measures your father may adopt to induce you to accept the husband he has chosen for you?"

"And do you doubt my truth?" said Olivia, raising her eyes to her lover's face with a look that would have calmed the soul of Othello. But Listowel did not doubt. He had learned to know that death on the one hand, and the crown of Spain on the other, would never have tempted Olivia to break her plighted faith. Assurance on this point was not his object.

"Doubt you, dearest? no!" he answered. "But strange things are done in this country. Fathers have unlimited power, and sometimes but few scruples how they use it. Dearest, you must be mine before I leave Madrid. If not, I cannot go in peace—I cannot go at all. Yes," he passionately exclaimed, "I will forfeit everything,—duty, friends, prospects,—rather than leave you, unless you are irrevocably mine."

Five short weeks before, and Olivia had never seen Sir Edward Listowel. He was now master of her whole soul; they had met daily. The hopes he had held out of his conversion served the double purpose of a pretext for these frequent interviews, and a veil that prevented Olivia from discovering, until too late, the real state of her feelings. Long before she had gained, as she devoutly hoped, a soul for heaven, her fate was sealed. She loved with a fixed unity of feeling, an overflowing tenderness, such as only a soul like hers could feel. And if the time that had sufficed to effect all this was short, remember, gentle reader, that time must not be reckoned by numerals only. The events of a day not unfrequently change the current of a lifetime; and the feelings of years are sometimes compressed into one hour's intense sensation. Well for you if you have never known the truth of this!

The work of proselytism now went forward rapidly, and her full confession of irrepressible love was made, as she fondly believed, to a Roman Catholic. Still there were many obstacles to surmount, and, but for that mission to England, she might have lived to look back upon these moonlight interviews as a romantic episode of her girlish days. But her lover's arguments were not altogether groundless, her faith in him was implicit, her father was stern and unapproachable, and the flowers had blossomed many times over the grave of the mother who might have saved her.

They were privately married. Two days afterwards Listowel informed his bride that the journey to England was indefinitely postponed. Even the callous heart of this follower of Buckingham was touched by the delirious joy with which she welcomed his words, and a sharp though transient pang of unavailing remorse made him almost shrink from her fond embrace.

About this time the portrait was begun. Velasquez did not know who the lady was who came secretly to sit to him, and satisfied with having to paint one of the loveliest faces that artist ever transferred to canvas, did not inquire. "It is only a head," soliloquised the great master, "but it is worthy of immortality, and it shall be the finest creation that ever passed from my pencil.

"What a radiant creature!" he exclaimed, as he stood gazing on his unfinished work one day towards the hour he expected her visit. "What a noble brow! What a glorious spirit lighting up the whole countenance! What life and brilliancy in those eyes! This must be love—and a love smiled upon by Fortune."

"The expression of the eyes was less bright to-day," thought the painter, as he contemplated the progress of the picture after the sitter was gone. "I did not much perceive it at the time, but I copied closely the expression that was there, and certainly the countenance is a little clouded. It may have been my fault: perhaps it was my eyes that were dim. At all events I will be very careful next time."

Painstaking and careful indeed he was; but the change was now beyond a doubt. It was perceptible as she sat, and still more so in the portrait.

"The character of this piece is altering visibly," thought the artist. "At one time I thought it would have been the most radiant creature my art has ever embodied; but it will not be so now. It is beautiful still, perhaps more beautiful than *ever*, but the expression is saddened and subdued."

And thus it was, through faithfully copying the eyes of Donna Olivia, that those of the portrait grew sadder and sadder day by day, until they wore that look of mournful desolation so conspicuous in them still. Here was the bitterest grief of all, more bitter than the grief of the bride who has lost her love while her faith was still whole in him—in him who has passed away in the flush and the hope of youth, like an air but just begun, the chords ceasing to vibrate while their tone was sweetest. She was beginning to doubt her husband's truth and love.

Soon after their marriage he began to tire of the perpetual hypocrisy necessary to sustain her belief in his conversion. The first moment that a doubt of this crossed her mind was perhaps the bitterest in her life. It is difficult for us to realize the exclusive spirit of Roman Catholicism, and the odium associated with the very name of heretic in the breast of a Spaniard, and above all, a Spanish lady—of that age. In Olivia's case, religion had been the only object her feelings had fed upon, until she had seen Listowel. Even the love now paramount in her heart had been entwined with religious thoughts and anxieties, and reached its climax with her lover's conversion. The revulsion of feeling was terrible, and to add to her misery she could hardly resist the conviction that he had played the hypocrite. "But no," she repeated, "he is too noble and too true to have acted thus. He *thought* he believed. He was blinded by his love for me!"

Whatever that love might have been, it soon became too apparent that it no longer exercised such an all-potent influence. He became irritable and impatient whenever she urged the subject of religion, and in his heat would sometimes say things that stabbed her to the heart. The Prince's visit was drawing to a close, and Listowel began to talk of returning with him, and to urge the necessity of deferring the announcement of their marriage for some months. Strange to say, although Donna Olivia keenly felt the insult, she did not resent it. Her once proud spirit was crushed and broken. She had staked all upon a cast, and heart, hope, and energy were lost together.

Still she could scarcely believe that her husband no longer loved her. "When I recall what he has said on this very spot, it is impossible. I have become depressed and anxious about his conversion, and so look at things in a gloomy light. Not love me! It is impossible he should not. I will come to a full understanding with him this night about this English voyage. If I do not go with him I shall never live to see him again."

There was a path arched in with trellis-work that bent beneath the clustering vine, a path that led to a grotto where a little fountain sparkled and played in the moonlight, dear to Olivia's memory, often since. She had first listened in that spot to her husband's vows of eternal love; and when wounded to the heart by his neglect, thither had she gone to recall the looks and tones of happier times, hoping against hope, striving in the recollection of the past to disbelieve the present. She was waiting for him there.

"Impossible," said he, in answer to her trembling appeal. "The negotiations with the Spanish Court wear an unfavorable aspect. The Prince sails without his bride, and it is impossible for me to acknowledge a marriage with one of the bitterest opponents of the whole scheme. No; stay, Olivia, until the Infanta comes to England, then avow our union, and come over in her suite to join me."

"That will never be, Edward. He is, as I said,—as I said to you the first day we met,—he is a heretic. They will never unite together."

"Accursed be the word!" said Listowel, who was latterly strangely irritable whenever his wife touched upon the subject of religion. "Heretic, as you call him, the Infanta would be only too glad to keep him in her net, and Don Pallip himself would renounce the Pope and all his works to call the Prince of Wales brother."

"Be it so or not," sadly answered Olivia, "the match *will* be broken off. Edward, I must go with you. How can I bear this concealment, which even now preys upon me so heavily, when you are gone? Do you think I could live?"

"It is wild and wicked, Olivia," returned he, "to talk thus of the effects of a few months' separation. It is absolutely necessary that I should return alone to England, but you can follow me ere long."

"A few months! I shall never live to see those months in Spain, Edward. Can it be true—is it possible that you are willing to leave me, that you wish it? Oh, my husband!" she exclaimed, fondly clinging to him, "say that you will take me with you!"

Listowel's reply, as he shrank from her embrace, was couched in the coldest terms. So true is it that when love has passed away, the endearments that once thrilled through the very soul become absolutely repugnant. Olivia felt the gesture even more than the words it accompanied. All the slumbering pride of the heart he had trampled upon burst forth into life and vigor. The impulse was transitory, but it impassioned her whole being for the moment, and starting to her feet, she exclaimed—

"Then hear, me, sir, I *will* go with you. If you are so lost to all sense of honor and humanity, I will appeal to the Prince of Wales. He shall hear my story. He will tell me whether the wife of—"

"He will tell you, madam," interrupted Listowel, compressing his fury at this threat into a sneer a devil might have envied, "he will tell you that *you are not my wife!* He will tell you that I am already married!"

For a few seconds Olivia stood speechless and motionless. Then came the terrible, dissonant scream of human agony that passes human endurance, and she fell headlong to the earth. It was the last sound that ever passed her lips.

X.

☞ In these nights, the following remark, which a distinguished divine recently made, may be in season: "I don't mind so much," said he, "about the mosquitoes biting me, if they would not always say grace before meat."

☞ A Toast.—"The Press: It ex-presses truth, re-presses error, im-presses knowledge, de-presses tyranny, and op-presses none."

☞ New York drinks six hundred barrels of whiskey a day.

☞ The Oyster.—Open an oyster, retain the liquor in the lower or deep shell, and, if viewed through a microscope, it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shell, and swimming nimbly about—one hundred and twenty of which extend but one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a variety of animalcule and myriads of three distinct species of worms. Sometimes their light resembles a bluish star about the centre of the shell, which will be beautifully luminous in a dark room.

☞ Non-Explosive Powder.—It is reported that an English chemist named Gale has discovered a method of making gunpowder non-explosive. The process is said to be simple and effective, the cost trifling, and the powder is not injured. In five minutes a barrel of powder can be made non-explosive, and in the same time its explosive properties can be restored.

☞ Some chiefs of Canadian Indians, a few days ago, saw a sewing-machine in operation for the first time. One old chief, with a lamp, watched the motion beneath the table, and the rest kept their eyes fixed upon it above, to see that there were no "white lies" about it. They then compared notes, threw themselves on the floor and rolled about laughing and crying out, in Indian, the "Sewing Spirit." They had no idea that it was the spirit of man's intelligence which put it in such successful motion.

☞ The Paris correspondent of an English paper tells the following six-horse story:—"A rich foreign parvenu, a few days back paraded in the Champs Elysees in a carriage drawn by six horses. Greatly to his astonishment, he was waited on shortly after his return home by a high functionary of the police, who told him that in France no one was allowed to use six horses except the Sovereign. He complained that he could not have as many animals in his carriage as he pleased; but he was informed that if he again presented himself with six horses, the animals and the carriage would be seized, and he himself would be arrested. I am not sure that there is a positive law in France restricting the use of six horses to the King or Emperor; but such is undoubtedly the established usage, and as such the police make it respected. Some years back a foolish Englishman got into a scrape by violating it.

☞ Rather keen and suggestive was a repartee made the other evening by a little fellow in a Pittsfield (Mass.,) barber shop. A gentleman of standing, and an owner in one of the factories, came in, and, impatient at being delayed while two boys had their hair cut, remarked that "little boys ought to get their hair cut in the day time, and go to bed in the evening." "Yes," replied one of the juveniles; "but little boys who get up in the morning at 5 o'clock and work in the mill till 7 at night, must get their hair cut when they can."

☞ The book is a duel with a friend, but the theatre is a battle with a thousand spectators.

Singular Resemblance.

It is no new thing to say that twins have been known to be actuated by the same impulses, tastes, and desires, but it is a rare thing to hear this averred on oath. A case of the kind, however, occurred in a French court of justice recently. Four children—Arthur Persico, aged eleven, Prosper Marteau, aged thirteen, and two twin brothers, aged eleven years and six months—were placed before the magistrate for stealing sundry articles from the stalls on which they were exhibited. Their parents, as is customary in France, were summoned before the tribunal, as civilly responsible. The whole of them confessed to their offences, and their parents, all of them honest work-people, begged the magistrate to give them up to them, and not to send them to a house of correction. The mother of the twins made the following curious statement concerning them:—"My two children are twins, and, strange to say, whatever one does the other does also; they have the same tastes, the same habits, the same thoughts, good or bad; they are not vicious, but when one runs away from home, the other follows him. Since last January we have kept them shut up in-doors like slaves, to keep them from running about the streets and getting into mischief. My husband had decided on sending them to sea, for we had found out that they had robbed us of some small coins which happened to be left about, but we had no idea that they had committed thefts out of doors. We sent them to the national schools, but we know now they have not been there for several months; a boy named Persico corrupted one of them, and the other followed, as a matter course." "You say," said the magistrate, "that your children are twins, and have the same character and the same tastes?" "Yes, sir; and there is a singular resemblance in their actions, thoughts, and desires. Thus when one drinks, the other, who may be in another room, drinks also. Under the same conditions, if one puts a finger in his mouth, the other does likewise. If at any time one should happen to run away from his home, there is no difficulty in finding them, for their father has only to take hold of the other, and he will lead him direct to the place where the runaway may then chance to be."

Getting Married.

A rather laughable transaction took place a week or more ago in the town of De Witt, Clinton county, Michigan, in which love and business are so intermixed that it requires an adept to distinguish between the two. A milk safe pedlar called at a house to sell a safe. The woman informed him that she was a widow, and would much rather have a man. The pedlar informed her that if she would take a safe he would send her a man. She took it, and the pedlar went on his way rejoicing; and soon sent a man, who he ascertained had no bosom companion, and directed him to the widow. Going on, he called at a house to sell a safe, and was informed that the man was a widower, and would prefer a wife. He told him if he would take a safe, he would direct him where he could get a woman. He took the safe, and the pedlar directed him to the same widow. When he reached her, he was about an hour too late, the first having just secured the prize. The kind-hearted woman, however, sent him to a second widow, whom he secured; and both loving couples were married that afternoon.

A Determined Boy.—The *Courrier de l' Isere* relates the following extraordinary instance of determination which occurred a short time since at Miribel Lanchatre, in that department. A boy, twelve years of age, named Durand, having climbed a tree to take a bird's nest built in a hole in the trunk, had just inserted his hand to reach it, when the branch on which he stood broke, and, being unable to withdraw his hand, he remained suspended by it. In this predicament, seeing no help near, he drew a pruning-knife from his pocket and cut off his hand at the wrist. Having fallen at the foot of the tree without further injury, he walked home, whence, after a first dressing had been applied, he was conveyed to the hospital at Grenoble.

To Prevent Mosquitoes from Biting.—At this season, when mosquitoes are so troublesome, a simple receipt to prevent their "presenting their bills," may be acceptable.

Take a few pounds of rosin, a little pitch, a little glue, and a little lard, and "bile 'em;" stir and boil it until it is about as thick as "guava jelly," then apply while hot to the entire surface of the body; the mosquitoes will then fly on to you and stick, and you can have a pen knife in your right hand, and cut their heads off at leisure.

Another. Boil the composition longer, then make it thicker, then spread it on (hot as before,) and it will cool so hard that the mosquitoes can't bite through it.

Escaping from a Dilemma.—An M. P., who owned extensive estates, and possessed considerable personal celebrity, was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several interesting and accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the honorable member, as in duty bound, showed every attention. Just as he was about to take leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him in a matter which, she alleged, was causing her no little distress. "It is reported," said the countess, "that you are to marry my daughter L——, and what shall we do?—what shall we say about it?" "Oh!" quietly responded the considerate M. P. "Just say she refused me!"

A Dog Story.—Jerry Carstakes was one evening retailing his day's experience to a cluster of delighted neighbors. Among other things, he said:—"Squire Brown has been down here to-day, and he fetched that little black dog of his'n along with him. Why that critter a'n't bigger than my two fists. Well, you see, the squire wanted me to go out to the corn-house with him, for something or other; so we went into the corn-house; and I was not minding you see, and, when I came out I locked the critter in. Well, if you'll believe me, that little rascal eat up a ham of bacon that weighed thirty pounds, and a loaf of bread that had a peck of meal in it, and then crawled out through a knot-hole."

☞ The daily press have, in the most unkind manner, made fun of the barber and the tailor who went out to fight a duel. The barber in the most unpolite manner alluded to a "goose." Has not the profession of tailor been exalted? Yea, doth not the goose hang high, even in the White House at Washington? A tailor now wields shears which are as fatal as those of Atropos.

Stump Gossip.

"Who," exclaims a popular orator, "discovered the North Pole? Our own illustrious Jefferson. Who hung the Star Spangled Banner on the heaven-piercing summit of the Andes? Our own immortal Franklin. Who discovered the route to Cappadocia by way of Cape Cod? That fearless Moorish navigator, Peganini. Let us, then, fellow-citizens, with the horoscope in one hand and the Magna Charta in the other, plunge boldly on the raging billows of the Mississippi, and leave no sea untried until we have united Tivoli with Tripoli, and Gretna Green with the rock of Gibraltar. Then, and not till then, shall be brought to light Tarnatula, that long-lost isle of bliss of which a Plato reasoned and a Galen sung."

This is peculiarly Western oratory. Hear how he continues:

"Americans! This is a great country—wide, vast, and in the Southwest unlimited. Our public is yet destined to re-annex all South America; to occupy the Russian possession of those British Provinces which the prowess of the Old Thirteen Colonies won from the French on the plains of Abraham, all rightfully ours to reoccupy. Ours is a great and growing country. Faneuil Hall was its cradle, but whar—whar will be found timber enough for its coffin? Scoop all the water out of the Atlantic Ocean, and it will not afford a grave sufficient for its corpse. And yet America has scarcely grown out of the gristle of boyhood. Europe—what is Europe? She is nowhere, nothing, not a circumstance; a cipher, an obsolete idea. We have faster steamboats, swifter locomotives, better fire-engines, longer rivers, broader lakes, higher mountains, louder thunder, forkeder lightning, prettier women, braver men, and more money than England dare have!"

In the campaign of 1860, a prominent politician made a disunion speech. An individual who styled himself "The aforesaid M. D.," was hoisted to the platform to make a speech in opposition. He was "elevated" in spirits as well as in position, and he spoke as follows:—

"Gentlemen and ladies, you're talkin' of dissolvin' the Union; you can't do it; if you go to ——— you can't do it! Thar's that are flag awavin' up thar, called the Star Spangled Banner; how'r ye a goin' to divide that, ha? Are ye agoin' to give the stars to the Norf and the stripes to the Souf? No, sir-ee! the thing can't be did. [Cheers.]

"And thar's that good old toon that the band's a playin' out thar, called Yankee Doodle; how'er ye goin' to divide that, eh? Are ye agoin' to give the Yankee to the Norf and the Doodle to the Souf? I say, boldly, the thing can't be did! [Cheers.]

"And thar's that steeam o'water a runnin' down called the Father-o-waters; how are ye goin' to divide that? Are ye goin' to dam it with Mason an' Dixon's line? I say ye can't do that thing! Wal, ye can't! [Cheers.]

"And thar's the railroad layin' out thar, how'er ye agoin' to divide that, eh? Are ye goin' to tie it up with Mason an' Dixon's line? Ye can't do it. [Cheers.]

"And thar's all the fast horses standin' round here; how are ye agoin' to divide them old hosses? Are ye goin' to run 'em Norf and run 'em Souf, and run 'em East and run 'em West? [Cheers.]

"And thar's the handsome wimmin round here; how are ye agoin' to divide them? Are ye goin' to give the old ones to the Norf, and the young ones to the Souf? Wal, ye don't! If ye go to thunder ye can't do it. [Immense cheering.]

"And thar's all the feathered tribe and other birds a flying' about here, and the chickens and egg's nest, and the yaller legs and the black legs; how are ye agoin' to divide them, eh? Are you goin' to give the pullets to the Norf, and the roosters to the Souf?" [Tremendous cheering.]

By the light of subsequent events he has proved to be the soberer man of the two. The comparisons are rather surprising in some of these speeches.

"Fellow-citizens!" exclaimed a stump speaker during a meeting last year, "when I see the fragments of all the broken Sabbath days collected together and put into baskets, then, and not till then, will I believe that this glorious Union can be dissolved."

That was almost as good in the way of simile as Curran, who, when opposed to Lord Clare, said he reminded him of a chimney sweep who had raised himself by dark and dusky ways, and then called aloud to his neighbors to witness his dirty elevation. It was Curran who described a politician as "one who, buoyant by putrefaction, rises as he rots."

Our "bifulutin" orators should study the eloquence of the renowned O'Botherem. Listen to him as he "slings his oratorical" upon the subject of riches and poverty:—

"Cannot the poor man, Mr. President," says O'Botherem, "precipitate in all the varied beauties of nature, from the most loftiest mountains down to the most lowest valleys, as well as the man possessed of luxury? Yes, sir, the poor man, while trilling transports crowns his views and rosy hours attunes his sanguinary youth, can raise his wonderful mind to that incomprensible being who restains the lawless storm, who kindles up the crushing and tremendous thunder, and rolls the dark and rapid lightning through the intensity of space, and who issues the awful metres and roll a borealis through the unfathomable legions of the fiery hemispheres. Sometimes seated beneath the shady shadow of an umbrageous tree, at whose venal foot flows a limping brook, he calls about him his wife and the rest of his children; here, sir, he takes a retrospective view into futurity, distils into their youthful minds youthful lessons, to guard their juvenile youth from vice and immortality, and extorts them to perspire to endless facility, which shall endure forever. Here, sir, on a fine clear evening, when the silvery moon shines out with all its emulgence, he learns his children the first rudiments of astrology by pointing out the bull and bear, and many more bright consternations and fixed stars, which are constantly devolving on their axle-trees in the azure expense of the blue cerulean firmament above."

A public speaker, somebody says, should never lose sight of the thread of his discourse; like a busy needle, he should always have the thread in his eye. But extemporaneous speakers often make mistakes.

A Congressional candidate in the west, named Jones, was stumping his district, and on one occasion, by way of commending himself to the "bone and sinew," told the people that he was a "self-made" man, of "obscure and humble origin." "Why, fellow-citizens," said he, elevating his voice, "my parents were so poor that, when I was eighteen years old, my mother used to have to tie me to the bed-post to keep me from falling into the fire whenever she went to the spring for a pail of water." Of course he means eighteen months old. "Ah, Jones, Jones," cried an opponent in the audience, "what a thumping baby you must have been."

☞ Emma Richards, of Birdsboro, while in company with some of her friends, on Thursday evening, of last week, ate fourteen plates of ice-cream, complained of feeling unwell on Friday morning, and died in the afternoon.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

Editor Sat. Eve. Post:—

Dear Sir—With your permission, I wish to say to the readers of your paper that I will send, by return mail, to all who wish it (free) a recipe with full directions for making and using a simple Vegetable Balm, that will effectually remove, in ten days Pimples, Blotches, Tan, Freckles, and all impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth, and beautiful.

I will also mail free to those having Bald Heads or Bare Faces simple directions and information, that will enable them to start a full growth of Luxuriant Hair, Whiskers, or a Moustache, in less than thirty days.

These recipes are valuable to both old and young, and as they are mailed to all who need them free of charge, they are worthy the attention of all who prize a clear, pure Skin, or a healthy growth of Hair.

All applications answered by return mail, without charge.

Respectfully yours,
THOMAS F. CHAPMAN,
Chemist and Perfumer,
No. 831 Broadway, New York.
Aug. 12, 1865. sept2-2t

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1.15. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

ALL WHO DRESS THEIR HAIR WITH
"*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing,*"
Pronounce it *perfect, and the only known Restorer of Color and Hair Dresser combined.*

	"London"	Gray	"Hair Color."
In	"London"		"Hair Color." It
	"London"	Hair	"Hair Color."
XLNC	"London"		"Hair Color." is
	"London"	Changed	"Hair Color." not
	"London"		"Hair Color." a
	"London"	without	"Hair Color."
	"London"		"Hair Color."
	"London"	dyeing.	"Hair Color." dye.
	"London"		"Hair Color."

MAKES THE HAIR SOFT, GLOSSY AND LUXURIANT. KEEPS THE SCALP CLEAN, COOL AND HEALTHY.

Price 75 cents per bottle, or $1 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. sept2-cowtf

FERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.—Chloasma, or Mothpatch (also called Liverspot), and Lentigo, or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a blonde than of a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of either, and any preparation that will effectually remove them, *without injuring the texture or color of the skin*, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. Perry, who has made diseases of the skin a specialty, has discovered a remedy for these discolorations which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 23 North SIXTH Street, and by DYOTT & CO., 232 North SECOND Street.

Prepared only by B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond Street, New York, and for sale by all Druggists. Price, $2 per bottle. Call for

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

For further information address Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 BOND Street, NEW YORK. je17-3m

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!—The citizen soldier will find a more deadly foe in the brackish, muddy water and damp night air, than in the most determined enemy. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS so purify the blood and strengthen the stomach and bowels that the soldier can endure these hardships and still be strong and healthy. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour continues firm; sales 13,000 bbls, part for home use, at $6,75@7,50 for superfine, $7,75@8,50 for extras, $8,75@10,50 for low grade and good extra family, the latter for city mills, and $11@11,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet, with sales of the former at $6@6,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly; about 50,000 bus Wheat have been disposed of at $1@2,20 for new, and $2,10@2,20 for old reds; white is quoted at $2,30@2,40. Rye is in demand at $1. Corn; sales of 35,000 bus at 95c@$1 for Western mixed, and $1@1,01c for yellow. Oats, 35,000 bus sold at 50@53c for new, and 65@70c for old.

PROVISIONS—Barrelled meats are dull at $33@34 for Mess Pork, and $13@15 ₩ bbl for Western and city Mess Beef. Beef Hams are scarce. Of Bacon the sales are limited at 25@30c for plain and fancy Hams, 18@19½c for Shoulders, and 13c for Sides. Green Meats—Sales at 20@13c for Hams, in salt and pickle, and 15½@17c for Shoulders, in salt. Lard is selling at 24@25c for bbls and tes, and 25@26c for kegs. Butter is worth 25@28c for good and prime packed. Cheese is selling at 15@17c for Western and New York dairies. Eggs are worth 25@27 ₩ doz.

COTTON—The week's sales reach about 500 bales, at 45@47c for middling and good middling quality.

BEESWAX—Good Yellow is quoted at 50@52c ₩ lb.

COAL—Orders are plenty, and prices nominally $6,50@7,25 ₩ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is firm. Sales Rio at 21@21½c gold.

FEATHERS—Good Western bring 90c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are mostly confined to Peaches, at from $1@3 ₩ box.

HAY is selling at $15@20 ₩ ton.

HOPS are firm; sales at from 10c up to 50c ₩ lb.

IRON continues firm; sales 1500 tons of Pig Metal, are reported at $42 for No 1, $39 for No 2, and $37 for No 3.

LUMBER is more active, ranging at $20@25 for White Pine, $26 for Yellow Pine, and $12@19 ₩ M for Lehigh Hemlock Boards.

OILS—For Petroleum the demand is more active; sales about 17,000 bbls refined in bond, chiefly at 51@52½c. Free Oil is selling at 68@70c, and Crude is held at 29½@30c.

PLASTER is quoted at $3,25@3,50 ₩ ton.

RICE—Sales at 10@11c ₩ lb for Rangoon and Carolina.

SEEDS—There is rather more Clover seed offering at $10@12 ₩ bus. Timothy is selling at $3,50@3,75 ₩ bus. Sales Flaxseed at $2,65@2,70 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum is steady at $2,30@2,35. Whiskey is more active; sales at $2,25 for Western bbls.

SUGARS—Sales 900 hhds, mostly Cuba, part at 8¾@9c, gold, and part at 13½@14½c, currency, the latter for Porto Rico.

TALLOW is firm; sales at 12½@13½c for rendered.

WOOL ranges from 70 to 75c for medium to fine fleece; and 77c for choice clips, and tub at 65@70c. Yarns are steady at $1,15@1,50 ₩ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from $12,00 to 14,50 ₩ 100 lbs. 300 Hogs at from $15 to 17,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 6¼ to 6¾c ₩ lb. 175 Cows brought from $35 to 55 ₩ head.

CANCERS CURED.

CANCERS CURED without pain or the use of the knife. Tumors, White Swellings, Goitre, Ulcers, and all Chronic Diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing treatment sent free of charge.

Address Drs. BABCOCK & SON,
aug5-3m No. 27 Bond Street, New York.

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 4th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of Aug., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. CHRISTIAN F. HUBER to Miss ZERILDA GEYER, both of this city.

On the 21st of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM L. SHOEMAKER to Miss LIZZIE L. STARTCH, both of this city.

On the 14th of Aug., by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, CHARLES C. THOMPSON, late U. S. N., to MARY L. SEVEN, both of this city.

On the 20th of Aug., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. LUTHER A. WILLIAMS to Miss MARGARET E. HENDRY, both of this city.

On the 17th of Aug., by the Rev. K Goddard, D. D., Capt. J. NORRIS STURGIS, U. S. A., to HELEN A., daughter of E. S. Haverstick, Esq., of this city.

On the 14th of June, by the Rev. Geo. W. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM R. ELLIOTT to Miss HANNAH RUTHERFORD, both of this city.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. Thos. Winter, GEORGE LEWIS to Miss SARAH A. CRAIG, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of Aug., ANN BETTLE, aged nearly 96 years.

On the 21st of Aug., at Chestnut Hill, JESSE HARDING, in his 66th year.

On the 21st of Aug., HANNAH RHOADS, relict of Jos. Rhoads, aged 71 years.

On the 24th of Aug., Mrs. MARGARET ATTMORE, in her 88th year.

On the 20th of Aug., Rev. PETER PARKINSON, in his 69th year.

On the 19th of Aug., Mr. THOMAS LESLIE, aged 77 years.

On the 19th of Aug., JAMES T. MOORE, in his 17th year.

On the 18th of Aug., ELIZABETH, wife of Lewis H. Trimbell, aged 32 years.

On the 18th of Aug., THOMAS DURELL, in his 62d year.

On the 19th of Aug., JAMES SMART, Sr., in his 55th year.

On the 17th of Aug., Mrs. FANNY J. LAWSON, in her 54th year.

EYRE & LANDELL, 4TH AND ARCH, Established in 1840. Family Dry Goods Store.
FULL STOCK OF FALL GOODS.
SHAWLS OF ALL KINDS.
DRESS GOODS, FULL LINE.
MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.
BLANKETS, SHEETINGS, DAMASKS, &c., &c.
mar18-1y

GREAT CHANCE FOR
AGENTS!
What the people want—complete History of the Rebellion in one volume, splendidly illustrated with Steel plate Engravings. It contains reading matter equal to two large octavo volumes. Agents are selling as many on the same ground as have been sold of all other histories put together. Price
$4.00.
Address L. STEBBINS, Hartford, Ct.
aug26-3t

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.
RETURNED SOLDIERS and everybody with a small capital can make $20 per day selling our great, new and wonderful extra large size, fine quality Stationery Packages. Every dollar invested, more than doubled. *Splendid Gold and Silver Watches* presented *free* to all who act as our agents. *Smart men* wanted in every Village and Town to *establish Agencies. County Rights free*, sales *immense, demand* increasing, everybody buys them. Send for our new circulars, containing Extra Premium Inducements *free*.
M. D. GILBERT & CO., STATIONERS,
aug19-3m 102 Nassau St., New York.

A GIFT FOR YOU
AT THE PHILADELPHIA GIFT BOOK
PUBLISHING HOUSE.
The Eleventh Year of the Enterprize.
NEW BOOKS AND NEW GIFTS.
A GIFT WITH EVERY BOOK.
A new Classified Catalogue of Books *just issued*, of over 50 pages of Books in every department of Literature, with full instructions for forming Clubs, &c., &c.
The best place in the world to buy books is at the "EVANS ORIGINAL GIFT BOOK SALE."
Catalogues sent free on receipt of red stamp.
Address O. G. EVANS,
aug26-6t 630 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Charming Songs for Children,
Over Two Hundred of Them—in the new Juvenile Music Book, by Emerson,
"MERRY CHIMES,"
which will soon be in the hands of all the young folks from Maine to California. Over Ten Thousand Copies already sold. Price 50 cts. Specimen pages free. Sent, post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
sept2-tf 277 Washington St., Boston.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying 500 times, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
dec 17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

$6 FROM 50 CENTS.
Call and examine something urgently needed by everybody, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retail for $6. R. L. WOLCOTT,
feb18-1y No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

SEND 4 CENTS to Box 3346, St. Louis, Mo., for OUR SEALED CIRCULAR. sept2-2t

LOVE! LOVE!—How to win the undying love of the fair sex. Sent by *mail for 5 cts.* Address J. P. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. aug12-4t

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"CATCHING THE BUTTERFLY" is the leading steel engraving of the SEPTEMBER number of this favorite periodical—and a very pretty picture it is. It will remind many of the days of their childhood, when they roamed about catching butterflies—and some perhaps may think sadly that since they have grown to riper years, they have been engaged in nothing much more important than trying to catch such other butterflies as wealth and pleasure and fame. The steel fashioned plate for this number is as handsome as usual, and the sporting dress in it something a little peculiar. We suppose it is the way that the Empress Eugenie and her ladies dress, when on their sporting excursions. "Looking for Father," is a pretty wood engraving. Then we have engravings of a Lace Jacket, Mode of Dressing the Hair, a Bridal Coiffure, In-door Cap, &c., &c. We quote the

LIST OF CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

STEEL PLATE.—Catching the Butterfly.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
"Looking for Father."—Lace Jacket, (front view.)—Name in Satin-stitch.—Lace Jacket, (back view.)—Insertion.—Mode of Dressing the Hair.—Collar.
MUSIC—President Johnson's Grand March.
CHERRY LAWN. By HATTIE HAMMOND.
LOVE'S IDOLATRY. By Mrs. A. V. B.
PAROLED. By ARRIE E. SUTTON.
TITIAN VERCELLI.
LOOKING BEYOND. By CLARA AUGUSTA.
TO CLARE. By M.
MRS. MELENDY'S MATCH. By FRANCES LEE.
THE VILLAGE BEAUTY AND THE CITY BELLE. By Mrs. H. M. RUSSELL.
THE STORY OF A LIFE. By Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER.
THE MIDSUMMER CHILD. By JULIA GILL.
MARRIAGE BY THE WAY. By SOPHIE MAY.
REVERY. By EDWIN R. MARTIN.
TOLD BY THE SUN. By BEATICE COLONNA.
TO ——. By LUCIE.
NOVELTIES FOR SEPTEMBER. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.
FASHIONS—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2 50 a year; 2 copies $4.00. To those desirous of making up clubs, specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cts. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

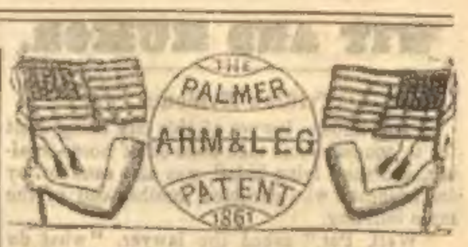
WHAT MATCHLESS BEAUTY
Lingers on every glossy wave and riplet of her lovely hair.

IVINS'
PATENT
HAIR
CRIMPERS
For crimping and waving ladies' hair. *No heat used and no injury to the hair.*
They are put up in beautifully lithographed boxes containing one set (1 doz.) assorted lengths, with full directions for use accompanying each box.
No ladies' toilet is complete without them. For sale throughout the country. Retailers will be supplied by any first-class Jobber of Notions in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston. Manufactured only by E. IVINS, Sixth St. and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. jy6-1y

FIRST PREMIUM
IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5
THE EMBODIMENT OF
PRACTICAL UTILITY AND
EXTREME SIMPLICITY.
Patented May 9th, 1862, improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD. Makes the Running Stitch *more perfect and regular*, than by hand and with extraordinary rapidity. Will *Gather, Hem, Ruffle, Skirr, Tuck, Run up Breadths, &c., &c.*; requires no *Lubrication or Change of Stitch*—IS NOT LIABLE TO GET OUT OF ORDER, and will last a LIFETIME.
"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*
"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*New York Independent.*
"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*
Single machines sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions on receipt of the price, $5. Agents wanted everywhere. Circular containing Liberal Inducements sent Free.
All orders must be addressed to
FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
je28-3m Office, 102 Nassau St., New York.

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,
(Late Withers & Peterson,)
39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,
STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.
STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.
7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.
All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.
UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.
Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.
DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
my6-1y

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. C. GRAHAM,
feb25-1f 109 Nassau street, New York City.



B. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (60 "First Prizes" won, over all competitors, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation.
Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
se2-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

EUROPEAN POCKET
TIMEKEEPER.
ONE DOLLAR EACH.
PATENT APPLIED FOR JUNE 20, 1865.
AN EXACT and RELIABLE Pocket TIMEKEEPER for the poor man. A decidedly beautiful, unique, and wonderful Novelty. Constructed entirely on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and warranted to DENOTE SOLAR TIME with absolute certainty and the utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly and elaborate timekeepers of modern manufacture; it can never be wrong; requires NO KEY or winding up; NEVER RUNS DOWN, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is a most remarkable article, and just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is secured by ROYAL LETTERS PATENT. Price for a single one, with fancy or plain white dial, in gold or silver gilt cases, only $1. Sent to any part of the country, free by mail, on receipt of price. Address all orders to
J. W. DELAMERE & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS,
aug19-3m 204—206 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
"THE SECRET SERVICE,
THE FIELD,
THE DUNGEON AND THE ESCAPE."
By A. D. Richardson, N. Y. Tribune Correspondent.
The most interesting and exciting book ever published, embracing Mr. Richardson's unparalleled experience for four years, travelling through the South in the secret service of the "Tribune," at the outbreak of the war, with our armies and fleets, both East and West, during the two first years of the Rebellion; his thrilling capture; his confinement for twenty months in seven different Rebel prisons; his escape, and almost miraculous journey by night of nearly 400 miles. It will abound in stirring events, and contain more of the fact, incident and romance of the war than any other work published.
Teachers, ladies, energetic young men, and especially returned and disabled officers and soldiers, in want of profitable employment, will find it peculiarly adapted to their condition. We have agents clearing $175 per month, which we will prove to any doubting applicant.
Send for Circulars. Address
JONES, BROS. & CO.,
N. E. corner of SIXTH and MINOR Streets,
Philadelphia, Pa.
or 128 WEST FOURTH Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
aug26-1m

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 628 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$50
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	66

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $65) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

$150 PER MONTH!—500 agents wanted to engage in a new and easy business. Positively *no humbug or risk*. Full particulars mailed free to any person. Address M. M. SANBORN, Hrasher Falls, New York. aug26-2t

A LADY who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 388, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. je10-1y

WIT AND HUMOR.

Trifling Evidence.

A well-known lawyer of this city being sent for to counsel some men accused of horse-stealing, and then lying in jail, was also sent for by an Irishman who occupied another cell of the same building.

"Well, Pat," asked the lawyer, "what do you want with me?"

"Yer honor," returned Pat, "I jist heard there was a lawyer in jail, and sure I wanted to see him."

"Well, what do you want with me?"

"An' what should I want wid you but to get me out of this?"

"Well, what are you here for?"

"Jist for burglary I belave they call it."

"And what is the testimony against you?"

"Och! niver a bit at all. Only I tould the justice of the peace meself that I did it."

"Well, if you have confessed it, I don't see but what you'll have to stay here."

"An' is it that you say? Sure, now, and in the country I came from niver a bit would they kape a body in jail *on such thrifling evidence as that!*"

A Venomous Serpent.

Mr. M——, who lives in the town adjoining this in Broome county, is very much in the habit of "drawing the long bow." One of his stories is as follows:

"Did you never see one of these here hoop-snakes?"

"No," says his listener; "I didn't think there was any such thing."

"Oh, yes," says Mr. M——, "I've seen one. Me and my hired man was down there in the home lot, by the side of the road, and we seen something rolling down the hill, and says I, 'I guess that are must be one of them hoop-snakes coming along.' My hired man he was afeared, and clim up a tree; but I took my hoe in my hand, and went out and stood side of a tree in the road, and when he come along I stuck out the hoe handle, and he hit it *slap*, and it made a noise jes like a pistol; and, sir, it warn't mor'n a minute afore that are hoe-handle was swelled up as big as my leg!"

As Deacon A——, on an extremely cold morning in old times, was riding by the house of his neighbor B——, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with—

"Don't be in a hurry, Deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of old Jamaica, this morning?"

"Thank you, kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount, with all the deliberation becoming a deacon, "I don't care if I do."

"Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, Deacon," said the neighbor, "I merely asked for information. We haven't a drop in the house."

Advice by Billings.—The wise and gifted Josh Billings tenders all whom it may concern, the following excellent advice:—

"Don't court for munny, nor buty, nor relashuns; those things are just about as the kerosene lie refining bizziness—liable to git out of repair and bust at anny minnit. Court a gal for fun, for the luv yu bare her, for the virchu and bizziness there is in her; court her for a wife or for a mother; court her as you wood court a farm for the sile and the perfection of the title; court her as though she wan't a fule and yu another; court her in the kitchen, over the wash-tub, and at the pianner; court her in this way, young man, and if yu don't git a wife, the fault won't be in the courtin'."

A Remarkable Steamer.—Down in a shop in little Delaware, the men often try to get ahead of each other in the way of hard yarns, but it's hard to beat Aleck. One of the men the other day, who had been on the Ohio, was speaking of the light draught of some of the steamers out there, when old Uncle Bill spun a long yarn about a steamer he saw down country that could go over any meadow with a light dew on it.

When he had finished, Aleck came in with—"Oh, that's nothing. When I was working at Sam Harlan's last spring, he launched a steamer for Morgan that didn't touch the water by an inch and three-quarters."

A Grave Reason.—In the town of ——, in Connecticut, lived an eccentric character, Squire S——, noted for his oddity and singular speeches. The town hearse having by long use got into a dilapidated condition, it was determined to get up a public subscription and repair it. In due time the committee called on Squire S——, and asked him to subscribe for the object.

"No," says the Squire, "I won't give a single cent. Twenty years ago I subscribed five dollars to build the old thing, and neither my family nor myself ever had any use for it from that day to this, and I won't give a cent to repair it!"

A quiet gentleman, not given to many words, was sometime since crossing the New Jersey ferry among the passengers from the New York and Erie Railroad train, just arrived. The hackmen were around, as usual, and one of these very polite fellows, who go so far as to offer the use of their splendid carriages and horses to even strangers, came, in the course of events, to our quiet friend, with the oft-repeated "Carriage, sir?" No answer. "Carriage, sir?" Still no answer. "Carriage, sir? Take you to the Astor House, Metropolitan, St. Nicholas, *Deaf and Dumb Asylum*, anywhere, sir."

Castles in the Air.—The Duchess of Newcastle, who was a great writer of plays and romances in the time of Charles II., asked Bishop Wilkins, who had just announced his discovery of a world in the moon, how she could get there. "As the journey," said she, "must needs be very long, there will be no possibility of getting there without stopping by the way." "Your grace," replied the bishop, "can be at no loss for places to stop at, as you have built so many castles in the air."

High Gaming.—Baron N——, once playing at cards, was guilty of an odd trick; on which his opponent threw him out of the window of a one-pair-of-stairs room. The baron meeting Foote complained of this usage, and asked what he should do? "Do," says the wit, "never play so high again as long as you live."

MNEMONICS.

Swell (in the club smoking-room).—"Waiter, just go down-stairs, and see if I wasn't reading a book at dinner!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Pruning Fruit Trees.

The diversity of opinions as to the proper time for pruning fruit trees, is almost as great as those which divide our agricultural *sages* upon the properties and proper management of fertilizing agents. But our best informed, most thoroughly practical horticulturists, now take the common-sense side of the question, and practice and recommend pruning, during the summer months—say from the first of June to the end of July.

There are several reasons why this season is more proper than any other for pruning all fruit and ornamental trees. The most important of these is, that the sap being all up and distributed through the foliage surface, no bleeding ensues from the lopping off a branch, and the tree being in its prime vigor and strength of growth, is best prepared to act as surgeon to its own wounds, and heal them with the least possible delay; while pruning a tree in the fall, in its philosophy and results is a good deal like cutting off a dozen or so of a poor fellow's fingers and toes, and then without allowing him to have them dressed, saying to him: "There, sir, go hold up your 'stumps' out in the cold till you get well."

On the other hand, early spring pruning is very like sending the same finger-and-toe-clipped patient out to bear burdens and endure exposure, with all those bleeding stumps draining his vital energy.

The next great advantage of summer pruning is, that the tree being in full foliage, we have an opportunity of cutting it into a far more symmetrical form, than with the best experience we could possibly do when clad in its bare branches only. During this season, the fruit on bearing trees are fully set, and we are enabled by cutting away laterals judiciously from over-ladened branches, to thus relieve them from undue and ruinous burdens, obviating the necessity of either "propping up," or a separate task of thinning out.

Never go at a branch with an axe. It is a cruel, barbarous practice. Just about as sensible as a surgeon lopping off a human limb with a cleaver. Absolute butchery. With all twigs and slender stems, exercise the knife. For all the branches larger than a half inch, use the saw. In all cases cut smoothly and close, and coat the cut surfaces as you progress, with some gum preparation that will harden and become impervious to water. It is just as cheap to prune like a Christian as to cut like a savage, and a great deal more profitable in the end.

Wheat Harvest.

Perhaps after all the controversy upon the subject, the most proper time to cut wheat is while there is still a tinge of green existing all along the stem, and the grain in that condition that a "berry" of it may be mashed between the thumb nails, exhibiting a moist, starchy surface.

If the field is very nearly uniform in ripeness, the sooner it is cut and housed the better. There is sufficient vitality in the straw to complete the maturing process; and though wheat cut thus early may thrash a trifle harder than that harvested very ripe, there will be much less loss before thrashing, the grain will weigh heavier, grind far better, and afford a greater yield of flour to a given weight of grain.

On almost all the great, prairie wheat-fields of the West, and frequently on the uniform, level surfaced farms of Maryland and Delaware, a field of wheat will ripen so uniformly that could the feat by any possibility be achieved, it would be good policy to cut the whole crop in a single hour. But as a rule, on all unequal, rolling surfaces, the difference in the periods of ripening in a single field of twenty acres is as various as the proportionate constituents of the grain itself, supplied from different portions of the same field.

There may be in a single ten-acre field, a dry knoll, a patch of stony ground, a territory of sandy soil, and a piece of low, stiff clay. Each one of these sections will supply the elements of which the grain is composed in as many varied proportions, and extend their influence so markedly in the maturing of the crop, that while one portion of the field will be fit to go to the barn, another will be a week or ten days behind time. With such a field, unless a general average were made, it would be better to make several consecutive cuttings as the grain comes into condition.

If we were to take a two bushel bag of wheat from each section of the field above instanced, cut, thrashed, and kept separate, and were to carry it to a first-class scientific miller to have ground—if we watched the man, we should find him regulating his burs differently directly after commencing the grinding of each parcel. The ripest sample would grind freest, yielding the least flour, while the greenest would grind toughest with a little better turn out, leaving for the mediums, fair grinding qualities and maximum yield.

It is slovenly mismanagement to leave cut wheat standing in shocks in the field for days and weeks after cutting, as is too frequently done. The loss by birds, field-mice, and shelling in handling, is a serious one, while the straw in an abnormal condition, but still to a considerable extent retaining its vitality, absorbs from the soil, sends up by its capillary ducts, and imparts to the grain that foreign, unnatural earthy taste often found in wheaten bread, which we wonder what it is, and which neither the farmer, miller, or baker can account for.

Neither is it good economy to thrash wheat as fast—or very nearly so, as it is cut. The practice involves an outlay of extra power and time, as well as a much greater shrinkage in the grain. Wheat never comes to its best condition so well under any other management, as it does by being left to itself in its native shell or chaff for four weeks after being harvested and housed.

Put in Turnips.

Probably there is in all our country, about one-tenth as many turnips produced as there ought to be. One-half our farmers somehow entertain the idea that it is "fiddling" business raising turnips, involving more preparation of soil, care in culture, and bother in harvesting and housing, than the crop is worth. A great many there are who have been frightened from turnip-culture entirely, by the essays of scientific agriculturists, who set up formidable blinders in the shape of particular preparation of soil, expensive manuring, elaborate culture, and tedious after processes.

Nonsense—all—every one of them, every where—scientific terrifiers. Certainly if one expects to grow good turnips, he must sow them on land that will produce something, and pay some sort of attention to them, but there is no need of a quarter of the foggy science that we have sometimes seen expended on a turnip. The plain fact is, turnips will grow and do well wherever potatoes will, and with considerably less care.

Take our whole country through, and averaging all circumstances, each hundred bushels of turnips can be produced at a cost of $4 for labor, $2 for manure, and seventy-five cents as interest on land, implements, &c., and every hundred bushels of turnips is worth actually to the farmer as much as so many potatoes. But suppose we put them at the minimum rate of twenty-five cents per bushel—isn't that a satisfactory result, Mr. Farmer? $25 returns on an outlay of $6,75, or a clear profit on investment of nearly a hundred per cent. a month. In all cases where turnips are produced on newly cleared ground, the $2 item for manure may be left out of the estimate.

It is safe to sow turnips in any of the Middle, and nearly all the Western states, from the 15th of July to the 10th of August—on account of the fly post the later the better, so we do not get beyond the latter date. In a considerable proportion of all the Middle and Western states, if the turnip crop is got in as early as the middle of July, it will be matured by the 20th of October, and may be fed out to stock in the field, enriching the land beyond the entire cost of producing the crop, leaving the growth of stock and yield of milk something more than net gain.

Among all the many varieties of turnips named in the catalogues of our seedsmen, we should say the Yellow Swedish or Ruta Baga is the most valuable, it being as hardy as any, withstands the fly and drought better, affords a larger yield, and from twenty-five to forty per cent. more nutriment and fattening material than any of the white, round sorts.

As however we are all more or less fond of variety, it will be well enough to vary the Swedish rule, and put in for winter table use patches of "Golden Ball," and the sweet German—for the table probably the best turnips grown.

For broadcast sowing from half to three-quarters of a pound of seed to the acre is sufficient. Mix with four times the bulk of dry, coarse sand to sow.

What an Acre Produced.

Down the "Neck" here, within sound of a quiet day of the State House bell, Joe Economy has been experimenting with an acre of Neck land, and here is last year's results:

About the earliest planting that was done on the Neck, was Joe's planting of that acre with "peach blow" potatoes in hills three feet apart each way. Between the potato hills 9,500 early York cabbages were set out, and on the 20th of June Joe began to sell potatoes and cabbages to the big hotels, they agreeing to take his entire stock at $2.50 per bushel for potatoes, and $7 per hundred for cabbages. As fast as Joe dug out potatoes, and pulled out cabbages, he put in "drum head" lettuce and first class onion sets in alternate rows eighteen inches apart.

By the 5th of July, potatoes and cabbages were all out and gone, and lettuce and onions, all in and growing—329 bushels of potatoes sold at $2.50 per bushel, $822.50; of the cabbages, 9,000 were marketable, and at $7 per hundred, brought in $560. The produce of onions was 208 bushels. All sold at $3 per bushel, total $552. Lettuce, 8,600 heads sold at $2.50 per hundred, $215. Total of sales, $2,229 50

Total expenditures, counting everything, 913 47

Net gains from the acre, $1,316 03

Joe has no idea of making single acres pay that way every season, but he was ambitious to convince some of his skeptical friends that something more than $500 worth of produce can be achieved on *one* acre of ground even within the sound of Philadelphia's State House bell.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Useful Receipts."

I should like to suggest to my lady commander of *our* Post the propriety of either suppressing that heading above quoted, or the following receipt for making a bran new fashioned cake which is below quoted *verbatim*—precisely, from a late Boston exchange, in which it claims to be original, and I think it *is*. I am afraid if the standing heading of Madeline's column, "*Useful Receipts*," and this patent cake, were both published in one column, the lie direct would be given somewhere. But here is the Boston novelty:

"Boston Fruit Cake.

"One cup of molasses, eight eggs, five cups of sugar, two and a half cups of butter, two of milk, one tablespoonful of saleratus, two dessert spoonfulls of cream tartar, one and a half pound of currants, one and a half pounds of raisins. Bake one hour."

Fruit and sugar, butter and eggs, enough in that batch to make something nice, but I have always thought that some *flour* was very essential in making even a "fruit-cake."

Now I have this very afternoon been practising upon a cake I think about forty times cheaper, and my opinion is that people generally will like it several degrees better than that Boston novelty. I don't give the receipt for making my cake as a new thing under the sun, as I think I have somewhere heard of the thing before, though I never heard how it was accomplished—never saw one before my own.

I grated on a common tin grater the corn from twelve fair-sized "roasting-ears," into a tin pan. Then I stirred in with the grated green corn, till a thin batter was made, two well-beaten eggs, half a pound of sifted flour, four ounces of butter melted, six medium-sized apples stewed to a mush, and after beating up the mass faithfully, I added a dessert-spoonful of saleratus dissolved in a gill of warm water, put into it salt enough to season the material properly, beat all up again vigorously, greased a clean dripping-pan, put in my cake, and baked rather forcibly an hour.

Five of us finished the last crumb of that pan-full, and looked longingly for more. And as it was achieved on Saturday evening, your cosmopolite contributor, "Cosmo," suggested that we should christen the prodigy a

Saturday Evening Post Cake.

And we did. Have you any objections?

Canning Cherries.

Something out of season, I know, but I can't help that. I have only just got it, and am afraid if I attempt to preserve it in my head till next cherry time, several of us will lose it entirely. It is really worth saving, and if I get it once into The Post, it will get further on fast enough, and be finally saved.

We had at tea the other evening, at my practical friend's up at the "Elms," the most delicious canned cherries I ever tasted; and as I am—why—Madeline, of course, I got the economy of their creation from Mrs. Kaign, so plainly that anybody can fix up cherries in that way just as nicely next year.

In stemming the cherries, have at hand a vessel of clean cold water, into which immerse them as fast as stemmed, otherwise the air will discolor them about the wound where the stem has been plucked out. A pound of white sugar dissolved in a quart of cold soft water, is the rule. Use the glass jars with gum-screw stoppers. Fill the jars quite full of the fruit; pour into each one half a pint of the sweetened water; set as many as you have room for into a kettle containing cold water, two-thirds the depth of the jars; place over a moderate fire; bring the water to a boil, and continue to boil a quarter of an hour; then in with the stoppers, screw up, and when cold, set away in a cool, dark place, and the cherries will keep always, provided you don't eat them.

A Chilano Hen's-Nest.

Mons. Vernet was telling me of a queer sort of a hen's-nest he used to get sometimes at the *pesadas* down in Chile. So I began forthwith practising, and turned out what the travelled gentleman declared to be a vast improvement on the Chilean dish. Probably he was flattering somewhat, but it is good, I know.

I took a nice, fat, tender chicken, and dressed it as clean and unexceptionably as I could. Then I had two dozen oysters made up into a batter with crumbs of bread; a quarter of a pound of sweet, fat, salt pork, cut very fine in little thin slips; three mealy, mashed potatoes; salt, pepper, and parsley, to season it just right. Then I had six fresh eggs boiled three minutes, and the shells pealed off, leaving the eggs whole.

I put into the chicken, first, three or four spoonfuls of the batter, then an egg—more batter, another egg, and so on until the chicken was filled. Then I sewed up the orifice, put the chicken in a close saucepan with just water enough to cover it, kept the sauce-pan covered tight, and smothered the chicken at a simmering heat three hours.

That was decidedly the best *chicken's-nest* that ever I tasted, and I think whoever shall follow "copy" in building such a hen's nest will agree with me.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 25, 6, 20, 18, 24, is an animal.
My 26, 1, 27, 5, 12, 3, is a girl's name.
My 30, 9, 18, 18, 21, 14, is a beverage.
My 11, 12, 22, 23, 12, 3, 17, is a boy's name.
My 17, 8, 29, 31, 16, men strive for.
My 4, 28, 7, 23, was a Swiss patriot.
My 27, 2, 24, 12, 32, 12, 14, 19, are plenty in the West.
My 15, 8, 10, 3, 29, 16, is an interesting study.
My 32, 1, 9, 28, is a flower.
My whole is the title of a popular novel, and the name of its author. NETTIE.
Covington, Ky.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two-fifths of a liquid that in Egypt is found.
One-fourth of a fruit that grows not far from the ground.
One-third of an article that is useful to man.
Two-thirds of a fluid that is used on the ocean.
One-fifth of a fruit that in Asia does grow.
One-sixth of a river that in Europe doth flow.
One-seventh of a bird that is rare to be found.
One-third of a fruit of America's ground.
These letters taken compactly, and put in a row,
Will spell a celebrated and virtuous hero.
S. B. McGIBBONEY.
Eckmansville, Ohio.
☞ An answer is requested.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in spring, but not in well.
My 2d is in read, but not in spell.
My 3d is in army, but not in corps.
My 4th is in wisdom, but not in lore.
My 5th is in rally, but not in on.
My 6th is in daylight, but not in sun.
For my whole the soldier looks glad out,
And welcomes it in with a cheer and shout.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A medal.
A fish.
A fruit.
An animal which the Chinese eat.
A general of the present war.
An animal.
A city of Poland.
An industrious insect.
An island near Greece.
A port in the West Indies.
A thing used in writing.
The head of a comet.
A thing through which we see.
A thing which we see every day.
An animal somewhat resembling a beaver.
A negative.
My initials form the name of a distinguished President. F. L. S.
Aurora, N. J.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The right-angled sides of a triangular tract of land measure 60 and 80 rods. This tract is divided into two parts by a railroad which crosses the longest and shortest sides. A tangent line drawn from any point in the road to the longer right-angled side of the tract (or that side produced from the lesser acute angle) is equal to the line drawn from the same point to the greater acute angle. Required, the *curve* the road is, the length of the road, and the area of each of the parts the tract is divided into by the road. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of the squares and product of the first and second is 7081; the sum of the squares and product of the first and third is 13351; and the sum of the squares and product of the second and third is 16891. The three numbers are requested. JAMES M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a tailor and a siege-gun? Ans.—One works the breeches, and the other breaches the works.

☞ What is the difference between a New Zealander and an American mother? Ans.—One loves tender babies, while the other prefers baby tenders.

☞ What fruit does a newly-married couple mostly resemble? Ans.—A green pear.

☞ When is a lover like a tailor? Ans.—When he presses his suit.

☞ Why is the second wife of a widower with a small family like a Roman king? Ans.—Because she is a Numa (new ma.)

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"I never order a soldier to do anything which I cannot do myself." ENIGMA—Grand Island. ANAGRAMS—1. Contemptible. 2. Delightful. 3. Constant. 4. Painter. 5. Varied. 6. Garden. 7. Mignonette. 8. Enjoyment. 9. Neighbor. 10. Broader. 11. Flower. 12. Violet. CHARADE—Bar-rack. CHARADE—Emily, (Em, I, Lee.)

Cambridge, Henry Co., Ill., Aug. 14, 1865.—Editors S. E. Post.—Gentlemen: I have received a solution to my Problem published in the Post of August 12th, from Morgan Stevens, of Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa. As his solution came first, I think he is justly entitled to the money. You will therefore please mail to his address the enclosed $1.

Yours, respectfully, GILL BATES.

We have forwarded the money as requested.—Ed. Riddler.